MAYFAIR

Vol. 20 No. 2

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

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Nude-your Page 3 pet Jane Warner

LORRAINE: OUR BEAUTY IN BEDS

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PENELOPE: OUR NICEST NANNY

THE AMAZING CRUISE CARS OF AMERICA

SNAKES ALIVE: IT'S LINDSEY AND HER PYTHON

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Jane Warner —Top model and rising TV star

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PETER FLODQUIST

The *Girl You've Asked to See* this month is *Page Three*, *Star* and *Mirror* favourite, Jane Warner. She catapulted to fame when the judges at the Miss Brighton beauty contest saw rather more of her 34B-24-33 figure than she intended. Her bikini-top burst apart as she was awarded the title, heralding the start of her highly successful career as a topless model.

The girls you've asked to see

From that fateful day on, Brighton-born, 23-year-old Jane has not only appeared in newspapers but on the cover of *She* and *Woman's Realm,* in numerous calendars, and has helped increase sales of everything from handbags to cement. These days her career is taking a new direction as Jane turns increasingly to acting. Following a drama class in mime, she is making more frequent TV and film appearances, already holding the elusive Equity card. She was also chosen to perform at the Brighton Drama Festival where she read Tennyson's *Tears, Idle Tears.* This time her costume remained intact unluckily for men in the audience!

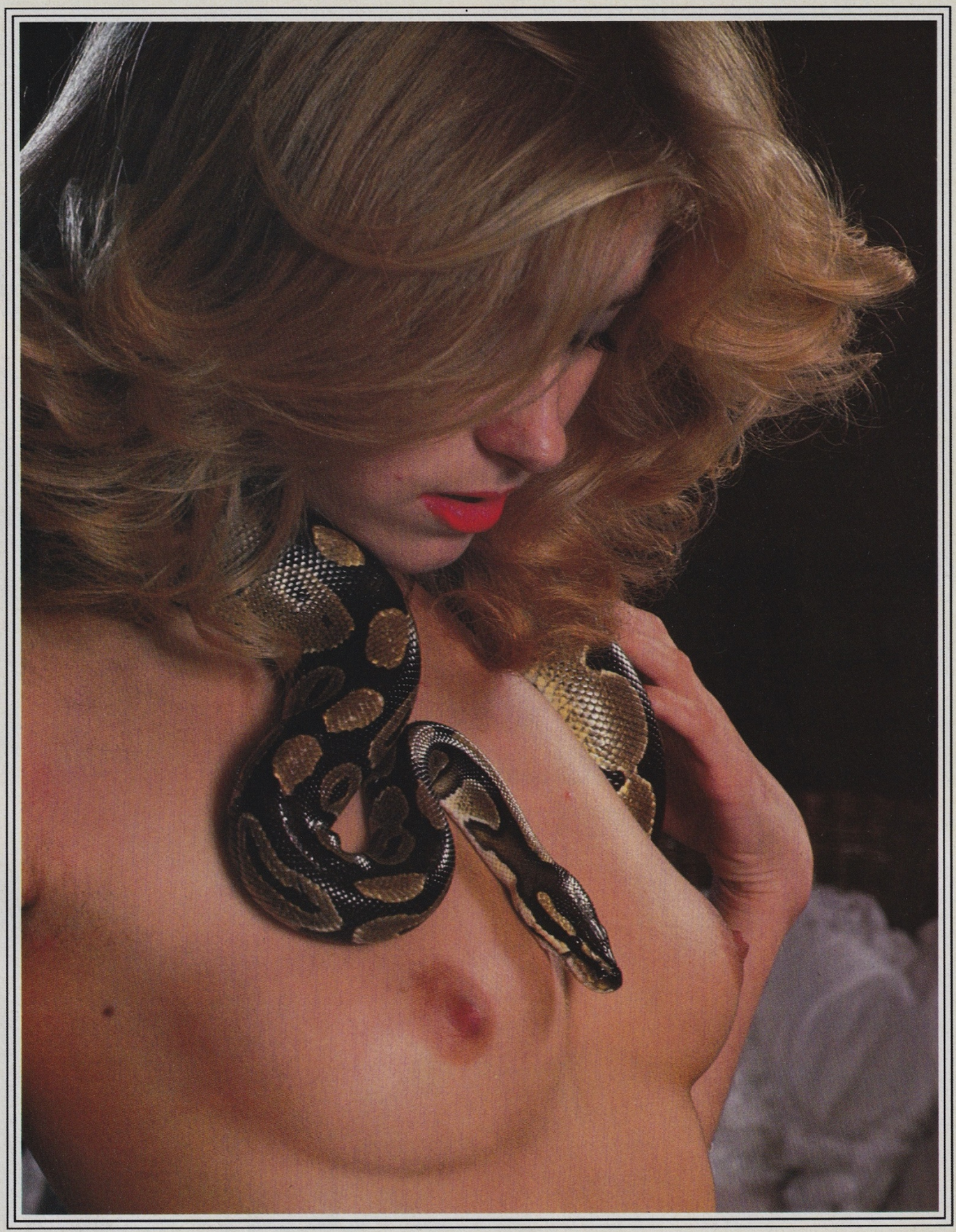
Kim

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN ALLUM

We'd like to warn the nuns of St Winifred's Convent in Shropshire that they are in for a shock. Their ex-pupil, Kim Gould, is posing in *Mayfair*. Not only that, but the girl they regarded as sweet and innocent, now runs a thriving kissogram business from her home in Shrewsbury. 'They'd be horrified if they knew,' commented Kim who has grown into a stunning 25-year-old with a sensational 34–22–32 figure. But perhaps they might have guessed if they'd known that she hid in the cloisters watching them undress!

Kim's home is a beautiful cottage where she lives with her boisterous Doberman puppy, Elliot (named after the character in *ET*). After leaving the convent, Kim spent some time working as a typist for Shropshire County Council. Following some amateur modelling, she hit on the idea of setting up a kissogram service along with her older sister, Dawn. Dressed in sexy basques with stockings and suspenders they both attack the lucky victim simultaneously, smothering him in lipsticky kisses. The business started when the girls placed an advertisement in the *Shropshire Star*, and almost immediately the phone rang. Now they are averaging five kissing trips a day, and were delighting eight lucky men a day over Christmas.

Men fortunate enough to be on the receiving end of Kim's service have ranged from a Major in the officers' mess of the barracks near Shrewsbury to the owner of an Oswestry chip shop. 'I still get nervous beforehand,' Kim told us, 'but it's great fun.' And she still manages to keep her pucker up for her boyfriends. To relax, Kim likes a quiet drink in *The Pink Elephant*, an olde worlde pub in Yockleton or the *Coach and Horses* in Shrewsbury itself. She keeps fit by playing squash, but time is short. The phone keeps ringing, sending Kim and her sister off again in basques and suspenders to make yet another customer very happy.

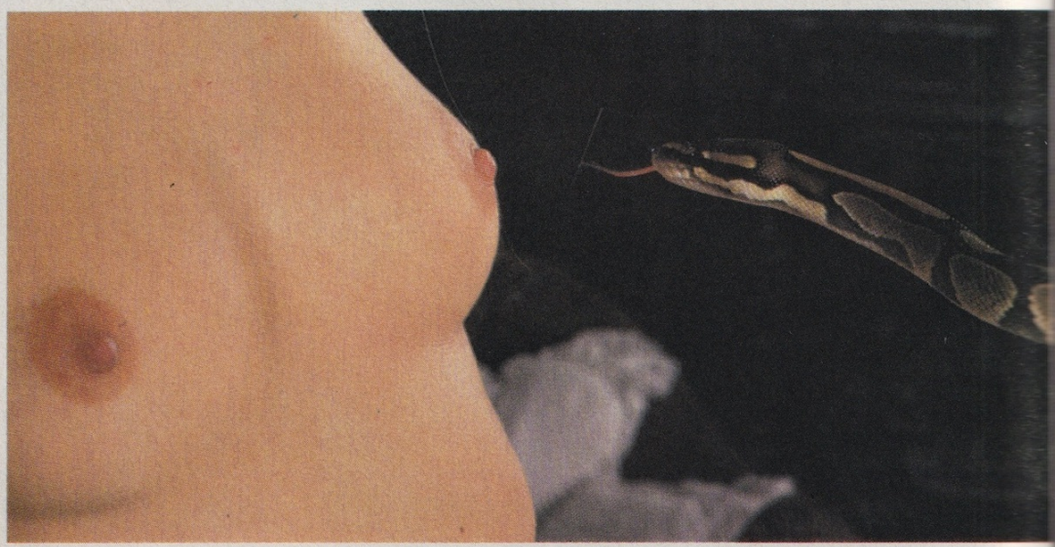


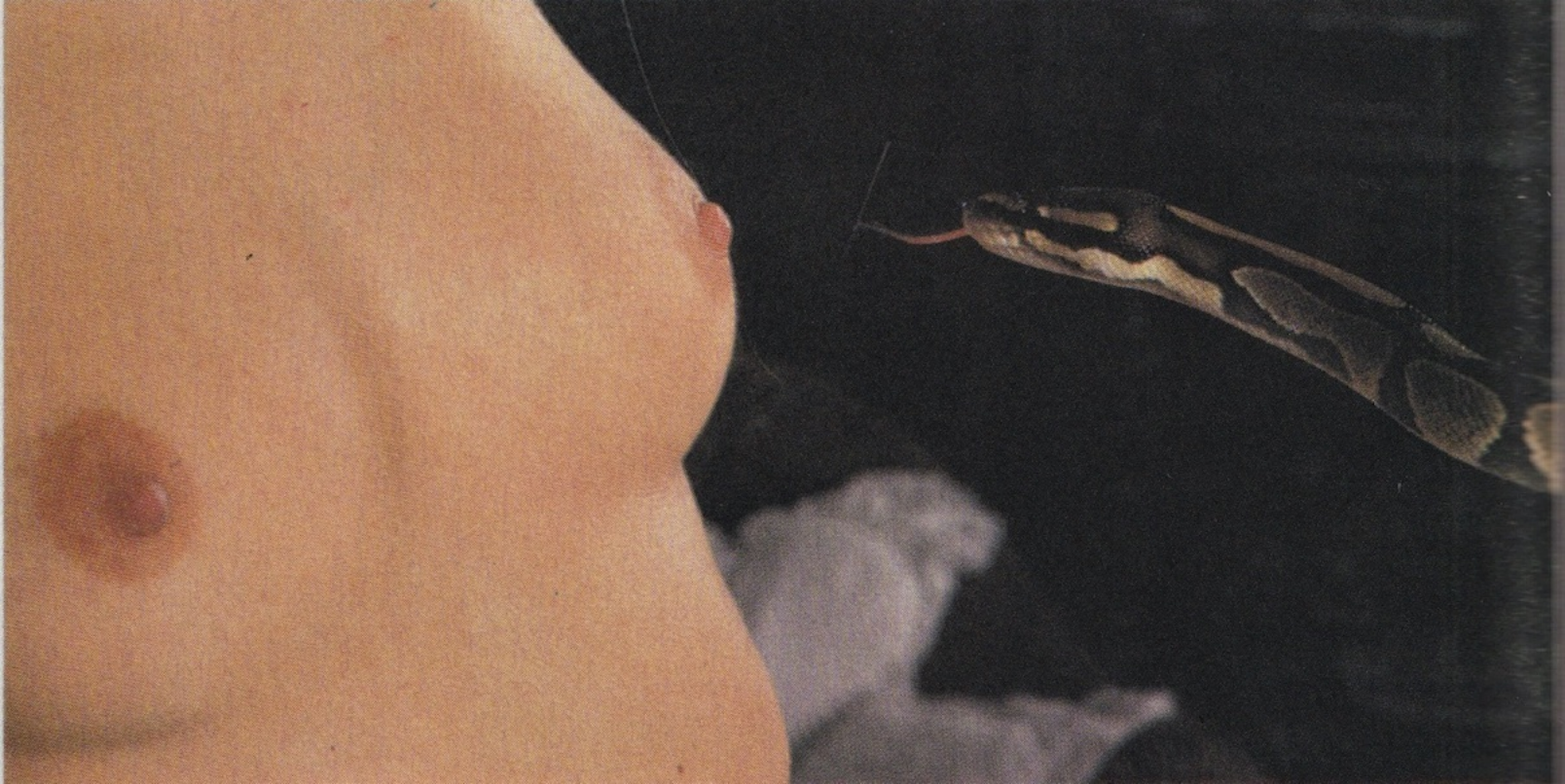
Snakes Alive, It's Lindsey and her python

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DONALD MILNE

If you ever bump into Lindsey Dixon in *Ziggys* or *Gullivers*, her favourite Eastbourne discos, there is one little thing to remember before you chat her up – her bedtime companion is a five foot Royal Python named Sabba. Sabba, named after a Greek boyfriend, wraps himself round Lindsey's 33–22–33 figure under her blankets. 'He cuddles me, and curls round my neck or lies on my stomach. He tickles me with his

tongue wherever his head happens to be. He isn't poisonous, of course. They crush their prey to death.' Sabba is fed on frozen mice twice a week, and Lindsey should know how to look after him as she works in a pet shop in Eastbourne. Before that Lindsey, 23, worked as a hairdresser and a barmaid. 'I enjoyed being chatted up by customers with their corny jokes.' After experiencing the chat-up lines of many male drinkers, Lindsey likes to turn the tables. 'If I see anyone I like I just walk up and say something. I usually get what I want. A guy once came into the pub. I thought he was nice and sent out the vibes but he ignored me. So I downed my drink, went over and asked if he minded me chatting him up. In the end I asked him out on a date with me to his surprise.'





Lorraine

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

If you over-heard colleagues of 18-year-old Lorraine Hobbs talking about the 35-23-35 beauty being good on beds, you may jump to entirely the wrong conclusion. The discussion would really be in praise of Lorraine's sales techniques, rather than a comment on her sexual prowess. Lorraine works part-time for her father, helping with the family antiques and auction business in the south-east. 'The bed episode was simple, really,' she explained. 'We had this massive Victorian bedstead in a few months ago. It was beautifully carved and turned, but to my mind was too over-the-top, and much too big for a modern house. You'd need a large bedroom in a country house, something like mummy and daddy have. There was a story that Edward the Seventh when Prince of Wales had slept on it once, though how true, I couldn't say.'

'I also wouldn't like to say where that rumour originated. But it certainly helped sell the bed in the end.' Lorraine was born and bred in the heart of Surrey's commuter-land, and today lives in a one-bedroom flat in Dorking, which she shares with a Burmese cat called Polly. Lorraine grew up not too far away in what the London *Standard* keeps referring to as 'that ghastly Surrey town' – Reigate. 'I think the criticism justified,' she says. 'The whole area is dead as a dodo, the only excitement being guessing which shop will be the next to close. Or which building society will be the next to open. And as for major shopping, there's hardly even a decent-size supermarket, and not a picture theatre within miles. They closed the only one.'

'Don't get me wrong,' she says, 'I like this part of the country, but apart from a few expensive restaurants there's nothing for young people to do. It's only recently that the powers that be have got together and built a new sports complex in Redhill, and are re-building the town centre. I can see why daddy lived there for a time though. It's nice to bring up children there, but not so nice to be one.' Lorraine admits to being very forthright in her views, and would one day like to enter the world of politics, perhaps on a local level. 'But not until I'm married,' she says, 'and at present, I haven't got a boyfriend. So it's quite a way off yet.'

'I'd shake them all out of their apathy,' she says. 'I could be another Maggie.' When not helping out in the family firm, Lorraine, a graduate of the Cordon Bleu cookery school, runs her own business, mainly cooking director's meals, but occasionally doing party catering and providing buffet meals for wedding receptions. 'When I finished school, I didn't know what I wanted to do. I didn't have tremendous grades, so daddy suggested the cookery course as he thought it would be a good "finishing off" for me. I'll never make it a full-time job, however, although I do enjoy the creative side.'

'I think it would be the travelling up to town on the "slow village link", as I call it, that would get me down. But I do like to be close enough to London to enjoy its nightlife, and as for getting home, there's always a girlfriend I can crash with.' For a night out Lorraine enjoys *Stringfellows* in St Martin's Lane. 'A bite to eat upstairs, and a quick bop and a drink downstairs.' Closer to home Lorraine likes an occasional Pernod at the famous *Skimmington Castle* on Reigate Heath or just enjoying a pizza and an Italian beer at the *Pizza Express* in Dorking. As for boyfriends, Lorraine admits her commitments leave little time for play, but laments the fact that men take her too seriously, and even seem afraid to chat her up! 'I won't bite,' she says.

Corinne

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
JEAN ROUGERON

'You don't have to be nude to be sexy. Here, let me show you!' It was an offer that no self-respecting magazine could turn down – and we're happy to say that 21-year-old Corinne Collins has proved her point. The question arose when Corinne was explaining her love of black underwear. 'I wear it all the time,' claimed the 35-24-35 girl from Gloucester. 'Even if I'm just pottering around the house. That way I feel, even if I'm in my rubber gloves and apron, doing the potatoes, that underneath there is a sensual woman.' And luckily it was this side to her character that she was keen to reveal to us all.

It's a part of her personality that doesn't receive much of an airing in the prim surroundings of the jewellers where she works. 'My lingerie is my little secret,' she smiled mischievously. 'Mind you, I do like to give my boss the odd flash of stocking top, just to thrill him a little. Even though he's at least 120, it's what keeps his heart going.'

Penelope

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PETER FLODQUIST

The River Clyde is banked on either side by shipyards with towering cranes and dilapidated buildings. It is an unlikely spot to find a *Mayfair* model, wrapped in coats and scarves against the freezing cold. But there was 19-year-old Penelope McLeod, her smiling, perfectly made-up face incongruously pretty in the grey industrial landscape. 'Welcome to Glasgow,' she said with a smile, well aware of most visitors reaction to the city. 'Now you've seen the famous side of the town, I'll show you what it's really like.' And with that she leaped into her metallic blue XR3, and headed for an expectedly leafy suburb filled with large houses with imposing drives. Suddenly she turned into one, and within minutes was sitting in a huge comfortable arm-chair, sipping a large whisky and soda, by a roaring, fire.

'This is Pollockshields,' Penelope said. 'Yes, you did hear right. But in spite of the name it's one of Glasgow's smartest suburbs. A bit different from the picture of the city that is normally painted, isn't it?' But then 34-22-35 Penelope isn't everybody's idea of a Glaswegian either. Her accent is lilting rather than harsh and aggressive, her nature quiet and amusing, not raucous and rude as some of the city's offspring, like Billy Connolly, might lead you to expect. She also has a disarming sophistication, preferring a French meal to a pint of heavy with the lads any day. However, the name of her favourite restaurant will bring you back down to earth with a bump. For some strange reason, it is called *The Ubiquitous Chip*. 'It's the ideal place for a quiet meal after a day with the caterwauling kids,' she said, adding hastily. 'Not that any of them are actually *my* kids.' So whose children are they?

The children Penelope is referring to are the ones she looks after in her part-time role as a professional nanny. 'We're not all fat maiden aunt-types,' she laughed. 'In fact, one of my colleagues wants to pose for you as well. I'll recommend her to you.' But being a nanny can have its problems, as Penelope can testify. 'The difficulty is the ever-present one of randy fathers,' she told us. 'They can't believe that nannies can be that young, and when they do . . . it's *carte blanche* to chase you around the sofa.' Some of her bosses have had strange ideas about dress too. 'One produced a skimpy black satin number as a uniform. I left the next day . . .'

Toni

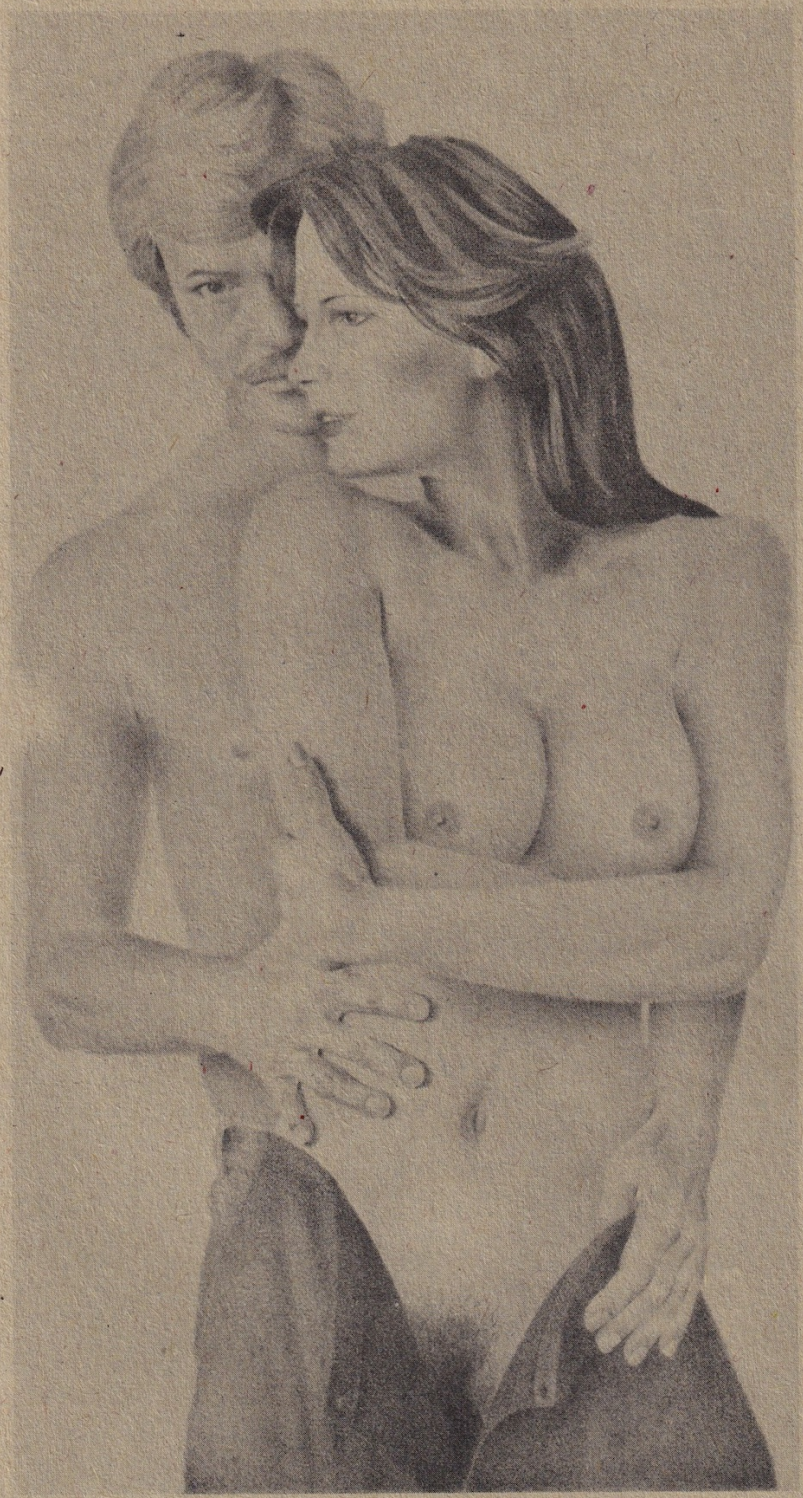
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

Men of Kent, and Kentish men may recognise our cover-girl this month. It's 20-year-old Toni Simmons from Farningham in the north of the county, who, not content with baring her behind on our cover, also wanted to appear inside the magazine. Toni owes her superb 34–24–34 figure to her own self-imposed rigorous keep-fit programme. She's a keen weight trainer, and works out four times a week in her 'gym' at home. 'It's not what you do, it's how often you do it,' claimed Toni, laughing at her *double entendre*. And since 'doing it' alone can be boring, Toni trains with a partner who is hoping to become a boxer. Also adding his encouragement is Zachariah, Toni's pet hamster.

Toni has been modelling for around eighteen months, but is already fond of London's most exclusive night spots. Her favourite place to spend the evening is *Stringfellows*, though she does occasionally enjoy rural life as well. But fellow revellers in the disco world had better watch out, especially if Toni is in one of her more outrageous moods. When we asked her whether she'd ever had any embarrassing moments, she replied simply, 'I'm unembarrassable.' And occasionally her friends have to be able to keep their cool too. Toni offers a warm welcome to boyfriends when they visit. She hangs out of her upstairs window, flashing her boobs – a great way to say 'hello'.

But then Toni has always enjoyed showing her body off, especially in unlikely places. She celebrated her last day at Farningham Girls School with a streak across the school field. 'It was a dare,' she told us, and one that an extrovert girl like Toni would never turn down. As well as confirming Toni's out-going nature, her nude sprint also made the day of one man who happened to be there at the time. 'He was cleaning the school windows,' Toni recalled with a grin. 'He couldn't believe his eyes. He nearly fell off his ladder.' We're sure that he would agree (along, we imagine, with Toni's teachers and fellow pupils) that a girl like that was a must for *Mayfair*.

QUEST



QUEST

The laboratory of human response

Volume Seventeen

Today all of us depend on expertise. If it involves intimacy of any kind the expert can sometimes yield to sexual temptation. Quest meets three women who fell prey to these 'Judas' experts

INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

INTERVIEW - 1

RECEPTIONIST, 25 years of age, blonde, town of origin Auckland, New Zealand

This interviewee left New Zealand at the age of 20, and after touring Europe took up a variety of jobs in this country. She shares a flat with two other girls.

Quest: Have you ever been aware of anyone using any form of expert knowledge to take sexual advantage of you?

Receptionist: Have I ever been aware of anything else? I tell you, the fellows at home could be tricky but now I know why they call this place perfidious Albion!

Quest: Can you give any examples?

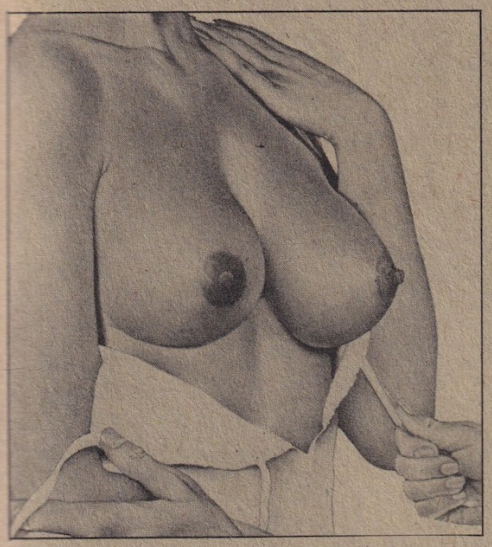
Receptionist: One from home that made me feel really sick – this was when I was only about sixteen – was with these two students I met at a party who said they were interns. One of them convinced me he could tell I might have some problem with my breasts – nothing specific, mind, but he made it sound as if it could be pretty serious – and he was able to suspect it just by looking at my shape. The fact that I was wearing a bra under my tee-shirt didn't seem to bother him at all! Anyway he insisted that what I might have was his speciality, and if I went to my normal quack he'd only refer me to a specialist who'd charge me the earth. And he rattled me, and I was stupid enough to let him take me into a guest room for a swift 'examination'. I'd actually peeled off my tee-shirt, and I was just unclipping my bra when his friend obviously couldn't control himself any longer, and burst out laughing outside the door. 'I hope you realise his doctorate's in geology, love,' he called. 'Just in case he tries to get his rocks off!' I was out of that room so fast – I felt such a complete idiot. But I find I get this sort of thing all the time – I think I must have the face for it or something.

Quest: You say it was worse over here?

Receptionist: Oh British guys are definitely sneakier than guys back home. No question. I can cope with the obvious smoothies – the ones who make it obvious right off what they're after. It's the others I have to watch.

Quest: Like who?

Receptionist: Like a guy called Duncan I used to go to for aerobics about four years



ago now. It was a big class at a health centre near where I worked – almost all girls. Duncan was only a dinky little fellow, but very well put together – very nice body. In his thirties, I'd say – it was difficult to tell.

Quest: You fancied him?

Receptionist: I thought he was attractive, and he was a good laugh.

Quest: But you had reservations?

Receptionist: The girls who I went with assumed he was gay, so did I. It wasn't that he acted that way – it was just that he didn't seem to do the opposite. I mean, when you've got forty young women in leotards in front of you, lying on their backs with their legs apart doing pelvic thrusts for all they're worth, I don't know many men who wouldn't be affected. And there were quite a few really knock-out girls in that class too – girls with spectacular figures as well as good faces. Professional models or dancers. And I could see the odd one really hamming it up for Duncan – giving him the old wet lips, and how-about-it? look routine. But not a dicky bird.

> I had presumed he was a qualified masseur. He wasn't at all, but I didn't find out till it was too late

Quest: Would you have been aware if he had been affected?

Receptionist: Half the time he only wore shorts, and when he was on the floor too you'd be practically staring up his trouser leg! No, believe me, Cock Robin is the first thing I notice – it's something I've learned very thoroughly – out of self defence! But it wasn't just Duncan's attitude in the classes. There was one girl there who was just so gorgeous she made you sick – very tall, lustrous chestnut hair, very slim, elegant figure and legs that just went on for ever – and she set her cap at Duncan. Always hanging about him after class, trying to get private lessons. If *I* looked like that I'd never have been that obvious. I know blokes who'd be bursting out their flies just glimpsing her in a leotard. But not Duncan. He wasn't rude – he was friendly, and polite, but he just wasn't having any. In the end the girl left the class. I felt quite sorry for her.

Quest: You don't think he was simply safeguarding his job?

Receptionist: No, because he was a part-owner. And you're not going to lose trade because you jump on the odd customer – the opposite I would have thought!

Quest: What changed your mind about Duncan, then?

Receptionist: My girlfriends and I got quite friendly with him, and he'd sometimes have a drink with us in the wine bar down the road. It was one of those times when he started chatting to me about having a massage – I think we must have been alone for a minute.

Quest: What did he say?

Receptionist: He said he couldn't help noticing how busty I was, and the problems this caused with some of the exercises – which was true. I've taken a size D-cup since I was fourteen. Luckily I'm reasonably firm, but when you get to forty inches plus – which I've done when I haven't watched my weight – then gravity's not on your side! I didn't dare wear a leotard, because it wouldn't have been enough. I always turned up in shorts and a tee-shirt so I could wear a bra underneath. Duncan said that I could improve that situation a lot with an individual work-out programme he could give me, coupled with massage.

Quest: Presumably he was a qualified masseur?

Receptionist: That's what I presumed! In fact he wasn't at all – but I didn't find out that till too late.

Quest: Go on.

Receptionist: I agreed to do aerobics in the evening one week, and stay on for a while afterwards.

Quest: What happened?

Receptionist: After the aerobics class Duncan explained this circuit training programme he'd worked out for me, told me to go off to the gym for an hour, then take a quick sauna to loosen up, and then join him in a room nextdoor. So I did.

Quest: How were you dressed?

Receptionist: I put my knick-knicks back on for modesty, but I just had a big towel wrapped round my top half. Duncan was still in his shorts with a box of lotions. He was standing next to a high couch, and he told me to stretch out on it on my tummy. When I did he took my towel away, and began to massage me.

Quest: As if he knew what he was doing?

Receptionist: Oh, completely. He seemed very expert, very sure of himself, and it felt wonderful – after all that exercise and the sauna I could have just drifted away.

Quest: You didn't feel yourself under any sexual threat?

Receptionist: Not really. I felt quite fruity in a general way and I was aware that Duncan was a bloke, but I wasn't thinking, 'Ah, great, when's he going to do me?' Even when he got me to pull my knickers down off my bum cheeks so he could give them a knead. It wasn't as if I was taking them right off. But it was different when he asked me to turn over.

Quest: How did that happen?

Receptionist: He said the most important part was really my pectoral muscles which supported my breasts. They were the ones that needed toning up, and also my breasts themselves – the better circulation I had in them the firmer they'd be. As far as I could see he wanted me to lie on my back while he stroked my bare breasts. That struck me as a bit out of line even for a proper masseur, even if he was queer. But then he said if I felt awkward about it I could always slip on my tee-shirt, and he could massage me through that – it would hardly make any difference. I still wasn't too sure but he handed me the tee-shirt, so I squeezed it over my head, and turned over. It did even occur to me he might be joking.

Quest: Was he?

Receptionist: If he was it didn't show. He began massaging my neck and shoulders, working slowly down. But if he didn't have any reaction *I* did. I began to feel distinctly fruity, and what was worse I could see my nipples start to perk up under my tee-shirt. He was massaging down either side of my boobs now, moving down underneath them, and making them wobble quite a bit. And all the time his thumbs seemed to be inching

> He massaged my boobs, and my insides turned to water. He was so devious – letting us all think he was gay

further and further onto my breasts, pressing into the soft flesh.

Quest: Did that excite you?

Receptionist: I was nearly going berserk! I'm very sensitive there – I had a boyfriend once who made me come just by playing with my nipples. So I said to Duncan – a bit hoarsely! – 'Can you avoid round the nipple area? – I'm a bit squeamish there.' He grinned at me, and said, 'You sound as if I'm turning you on.' I could feel myself blushing. 'Well, let's say I'm glad you're not as keen on young ladies as some fellows I know.' Then he gave me this old-fashioned look and said, 'Where on earth did you get that idea?' Uh-oh! That's when I noticed a very distinct bulge in his shorts – the first time in years my cockometer's failed me! 'I think you're gorgeous,' he said. 'I've fancied you like crazy ever since I first saw you. Didn't you realise?'

Quest: What did you do?

Receptionist: I didn't know whether I was angry or flattered – whatever he said he'd done nothing to come onto me before this. On the other hand I did fancy him, and my insides were turning to water. 'If you think I'm going to have it off with you in this place,' I said, 'you've got another think coming.' 'Well, if we were,' he smiled, 'there'd be no one to know because we've been alone for the past hour. But since you feel that way it seems silly to stop your massage.' And before I could stop him he'd moved both hands up onto my nipples, caressing and squeezing them and snatching my breath away. 'You devious bloody sod,' I told him, and then we were both laughing, and his hand was tugging at the bottom of

my tee-shirt, pulling it up off my breasts. And I must admit my hand *was* snaking out to the front of his shorts just to check what I'd be missing . . .

Quest: Presumably you didn't miss anything?

Receptionist: Not really! After he'd got my tee-shirt over my head, and started on my boobs there didn't seem much point in arguing any more. He peeled off my knickers, and then dropped his shorts, and climbed up on the couch, and fucked me. Then we did it again, twice. Once doggy-fashion and then from behind again with me standing up and bending over the couch. It was absolutely gorgeous. If Duncan was gay I was Cleopatra. And I found out he'd turned down the brunette because she was small-titted, and he preferred – guess what?

Quest: So you didn't resent him conning you in the way he did?

Receptionist: Not *him*, no. Anyone else who'd tried it I'd probably have punched.

Quest: Thank you very much.

INTERVIEW - 2

TEACHER, 32 years old, brunette, town of origin Newbury

This interviewee went to teacher training college after leaving school, and then taught in junior schools. She married at 24, was divorced five years later, and is currently about to re-marry. She lives with her fiance.

Quest: Do you think deviousness is justified to achieve a romantic end?

Teacher: 'Romantic' end, perhaps – not a sexual one. Obviously everyone tells lies to make themselves look better to someone they want to get off with. But I think it's wrong if a person uses a position of responsibility or authority to take advantage.

Quest: Are you talking from personal experience?

Teacher: This *is* completely confidential, isn't it? Because it effects someone who could lose their job if it came out.

Quest: It's completely anonymous.

Teacher: When I was a sixth former I was doing a special exam in English, and one of the teachers at my school offered to give me extra tuition – in his own time, and at his own home occasionally. I was quite good at the subject, and I thought that was why he was giving me special attention, but it was more than that.

Quest: Are you saying he forced his attentions on you?

Teacher: Oh no! I had a crush on him – so did half the girls in the sixth form. He was in his late twenties, very good-looking and married. I just thought I was enormously lucky being allowed to have whole evenings with him – his wife was a nurse, and she did a lot of night duty. Looking back I suppose it must have been obvious what I felt about him – he certainly fancied me. One night he started telling me that his marriage was going wrong – he seemed dreadfully unhappy. I think I went, and sat by him on the sofa, and suddenly we were kissing. Then we were lying down, and he was unbuttoning my blouse and it all happened.

Quest: You had intercourse?

Teacher: On the carpet. I wasn't a virgin – at least not technically. I'd had one boyfriend before. My teacher was full of remorse afterwards – claiming he'd led me on and taken advantage, which I denied completely. Then he promised we'd never do it again.

Quest: Did you?

> 'We had sex when I saw him for lessons. His wife found out, but she'd assumed that I was another teacher . . .'

Teacher: Oh yes – that evening, actually! Then it happened every time I saw him at home – on his own. Of course it was his wife who found out eventually. I don't think she ever realised it was me. She assumed it was another teacher, thank God! But that ended it.

Quest: And you think your lover was wrong to make advances?

Teacher: Yes, really. Girls that age are so vulnerable when they get infatuated like that. It happened to work out alright for us – we were perfectly attuned astrologically, but he could have gone through most of the sixth form if he'd wanted. I know he didn't but – I suppose I sound like a teacher, don't I?

Quest: I don't mind if you tell me about 'astrological tuning'. Is that important to you?

Teacher: Yes, enormously. I don't mean horoscopes in the papers. I mean astrology as a science and an art. Philip, my fiance, is always astonished it interests me so much – he doesn't think it goes with my stern, schoolmarmy image at all. My teacher was quite keen on it too – so unfortunately was Richard.

Quest: Who is Richard?

Teacher: He was a friend of my ex-husband, though I didn't know that when I first met him. He *was* devious. I'm almost flattered he went to so much effort to get me into bed.

Quest: Are you saying he used astrology to do that?

Teacher: He used what I thought was expert knowledge about it. I met him at a dinner party just after Don and I broke up. It was my first sort of solo venture in years, and I'd really got out of the habit of dealing with pick-ups. Not that Richard was unpleasant – he was very charming and attentive and good-looking too. It's just that I wasn't used to that old party pick-up trick – you know, when some strange man suddenly says to a girl, 'Don't tell me – you're a Scorpio!' And if she fancies him, she says yes, even if she's Gemini or whatever. And if he gets it right – and she's not sure if she likes him or not – she stops to find out why he said that and he's got her talking anyway. So the odds are on the man doing alright out of it.

Quest: And Richard did alright?

Teacher: Oh fantastically. He told me I was Scorpio, which was right. He told which part of the sign I was born in. He even told me what clothes I liked best – which happened to be different from the ones I was wearing that night. It was uncanny. I was convinced he had a genuine talent. Then, when I told him my exact birthdate – not the year because I thought he was three or four years younger than me! – he announced *his*.

Quest: You make it sound significant.

Teacher: It was. He was an Aquarian, born around the middle of February. If you know anything about astrology you know that there can be an extremely powerful physical attraction between Aquarians born at that time, and Scorpios born when I was. My teacher was an Aquarian too.

Quest: Did Richard seem to know this?

Teacher: Oh he joked about it but it did bring me up short.

Quest: Because you were aware that you were attracted to him?

Teacher: I wasn't really aware of being attracted to anyone. The idea of going to bed with someone other than Don was strange, almost wicked in a way.

Quest: But Richard got you thinking about it?

Teacher: Yes. He didn't want to push it, just said we ought to get together again some time. Then I saw him at a party the same friends held a couple of weeks later. I suppose he realised he'd see me there.

Quest: Did you think you might go to bed with him?

Teacher: I suppose I was ready to let him try. In a way I was testing myself, finding out if there was sex after Don.

Quest: And the astrological connection was a safeguard?

Teacher: Yes. And I hadn't actually had any kind of relations for almost a year.

Quest: What happened?

Teacher: He gave me a lift home, and I invited him in for coffee – I had my own flat by then. I was quite nervous – it seemed ages since I'd been in a situation like this. But in fact it happened quite naturally.

Quest: How?

Teacher: I was showing Richard the garden, which was mine, through the french windows. We were standing next to each other, and I reached across him to pull the curtain over, and suddenly we were kissing. He was quite good. I enjoyed it. And then he moved against me, and I felt the hard ridge in his trousers. It sounds silly but I'd forgotten how quickly men could get aroused – especially younger ones.

Quest: Were you aroused?

Teacher: Yes I was. I do tend to be ready fairly quickly, if I'm going to be ready at all.

I was just surprised Richard had that effect so soon.

Quest: Go on.

Teacher: We began fondling each other as we kissed. I was wearing a long halter neck dress with a built-in bra so it was easy for him to slide his fingers under the straps, and stroke my nipples. At the same time he brought the flat of his hand down my tummy, and began to massage my crotch.

Quest: Did you touch him as intimately?

Teacher: I did when he touched me there! I'd been too shy to beforehand. He felt massive, but men always do through their trousers – he was certainly longer than I remembered Don. It got to the point when we were practically masturbating each other through our clothes and, apart from giving the neighbours a treat, I was afraid it would all be over too quickly. I didn't reckon on Don, though!

> Don could have put him up to it and, besides, I didn't fancy my bedroom secrets getting back to my Ex . . .

Quest: Why do you say that?

Teacher: Let's say he didn't like to stint himself. I broke us apart, and said we didn't want to rush things. I pulled the curtains, and went through into the kitchen. I had the idea we might have a drink. But as I leaned over the sink to get at the cupboard above, Richard grabbed me from behind. Actually he pressed himself against me so that I could feel his erection between the cheeks of my bottom – the dress was only thin – and he brought his hands up under my breasts, and cupped them and squeezed them. I was laughing – it was gorgeous for someone to be so eager. Then he whispered in my ear, 'I can't wait. It's got to be now.' And I realised he wasn't joking. Worse than that, there wasn't much I could do to stop him.

Quest: He wanted to have intercourse with you at the kitchen sink?

Teacher: Oh, real kitchen sink drama! He was suddenly terribly urgent, kneading my breasts, kissing my neck, drawing up the bottom of my dress until he caught hold of my briefs, and then sliding them down my thighs. All the time I was gasping at him, 'Richard, this is crazy – stop it – we can't – '

Quest: Did you want him to?

Teacher: Not really! I was used to lovers being quite gentlemanly, quite solicitous. I can only remember one time during all the years I knew Don when he actually threw me down, tore my clothes off, and just *fucked* me – not to put too fine a point on it. And I had to get him nearly blind with rage to do it. It was frightening but it was glorious too. And it was like that with Richard. One minute I felt cool air on my bottom, and his erection nudging the inside of my thigh, the next he was up me, pulling my poor little bum up as high as it would go while he pumped what felt like a truncheon up, and down in it. I was gasping and scrabbling at the taps, trying to keep on my feet, and he just went on and on, grunting and humping. – Don had never been so athletic! Then he really began to build up the speed, and I thought I was going to die. The most incredible, excruciating feelings went through me. And I suddenly realised I was being incredibly selfish, concentrating so much on my own pleasure. I gasped at him, 'You must be bursting. Don't wait. Let go if you want to. I don't mind if you just do it in me' – I think saying that made the difference. I knew it was a fairly safe time of the month. He suddenly got very fast indeed, then growled out my name, and jerked really hard, and I swear I felt him spurting inside me. And as he did that my own climax just seemed to ricochet off it. It was really beautiful sex. It was just the aftermath that soured it.

Quest: In what way?

Teacher: One of our mutual friends happened to mention that Richard was a civil servant, which I knew, but that he had also just started working with Don, which I didn't. 'I suppose Richard was just embarrassed about it,' my friend said, 'but it must be nice for them, being such old university friends.' And that was when I began to understand Richard's 'astrological skills.' He admitted it when I confronted him. He'd got it all from Don. It was all lies.

Quest: You weren't forgiving?

Teacher: For all I knew Don had put him up to it! I doubt that but I certainly didn't fancy my bedroom secrets getting back to my ex-husband. It was a pity, I admit, but it couldn't go on. So now you know why I'm not so keen on experts!

Quest: Thank you.

INTERVIEW - 3

ACCOUNTING CLERK, 22 years old, brunette, town of origin Crawley

This interviewee worked in a variety of office jobs before attending a secretarial college. She now works in an insurance office, and shares a rented flat with a girlfriend.

Quest: Would you say you're particularly gullible in sexual matters?

Clerk: I don't like to admit it, but I think I am, yes. I don't think I'm naive – I've just got a bad habit of believing what people tell me – especially men who make themselves out the big expert in something, and who look as if they're telling the truth. But I'm not as bad as I was.

Quest: How bad were you?

Clerk: I had the usual thing when I first started working of accepting lifts home, from parties or even the office a couple of times, from men who I was sure were quite harmless. Only to find myself fighting them off in some quiet side street. The worst were the ones who actually told you how happily married they were and what a marvellous home life they had. Then the minute they had their hand on my thigh, squeezing up under my skirt, then it would be, 'Oh, I lied – it's dreadful, really – all I need is a sympathetic ear – ' Or a sympathetic something else! But the very worst was my first serious boyfriend – the first one I made love with, anyway.

Quest: How was he the worst?

Clerk: He was someone I worked for – he was married, actually, though he didn't live with his wife. He was only about a year older than I am now but I was only seventeen then, and I thought he was dreadfully mature and experienced – obviously he had to be if he'd been married – a real expert in the ways of the world!

Quest: Meaning he wasn't?

Clerk: Oh Roger knew how to impress a girl superficially – taking her out to smart restaurants – knowing which wine to order. It was just in sex that I thought I could trust him, and I obviously couldn't.

Quest: And that surprised you?

Clerk: *Then* it did. It was all a bit complicated. At the time I was technically engaged to a boy my own age – engaged to be engaged, actually. I was being a bit unfair, really. I was very fond of Gordon but we'd decided we'd wait a while before we went all the way together. I told Roger if I ever did

> I'd only let him rub me through my jeans. He always stopped if I insisted – it built up my trust of him

have sex it would have to be with Gordon first.

Quest: And he accepted that?

Clerk: He said he did. He said it was a very mature attitude, and he respected me more for it. To be honest, half of my attitude was the fear any girl has about first having intercourse – the other half was a horrible guilt over Gordon because I was two-timing him. It was just that Roger was so much more glamorous.

Quest: But he still made love to you?

Clerk: We kissed and petted quite a bit – nothing really heavy, though it did sort of progress – like touching my breast through my blouse, then through my bra, and finally rubbing my nipple inside my bra. But I never let him put his hand inside my knickers – I'd only ever let him rub me there when I was wearing jeans. I must have been an awful pain! But he always stopped if I insisted he did, and that built up my trust of him. So that when – more – happened I believed he'd be able to control himself.

Quest: And he couldn't?

Clerk: It was the only time I ever went back to his flat – we always seemed to spend our time in his car. I suppose I was afraid of being seduced. But we'd got back early for some reason from a date so I couldn't refuse a coffee. And we started snogging on the couch almost immediately. It turned into a kind of extended wrestling match, which I enjoyed, but I was still a bit nervous because of where we were. I let him unbutton my blouse, and stroke both my nipples, and even get one boob right out of its cup, but I wouldn't take my bra off – which shows you how stupid you can be at that age – I was incredibly uncomfortable! Then very calmly and sensibly he asked me for one great and precious favour – which was for me to take my knickers down, and allow him to just place his hand between my legs. That was

all. Just to put it there.

Quest: And you agreed?

Clerk: He told me he wasn't some inexperienced, excitable teenager – he was a married man who'd made love lots of times – to other girls before he got married as well as his wife – and he knew how to control himself. So I listened to him, and I let him persuade me.

Quest: You took off your knickers for him?

Clerk: I pulled them down to my ankles – and that upset him because he thought I didn't trust him. Then he got me to lay back on the sofa, and he eased his hand under my skirt, and put it over my mound. Then very slowly and gently he began to stroke me.

Quest: You didn't object?

Clerk: He did it so beautifully it felt silly to. And then I began to have these lovely, woozy feelings – feelings I'd never really had before, or only the beginnings of them with him – and not at all with Gordon.

Quest: Do you know what he was stimulating? Was he simply stroking your *mons* or your labia or your clitoris specifically?

Clerk: I don't know – I had my eyes shut! All I know is that it felt wonderful, and when I moved I felt my whole lap was awash. I think that's what frightened me about going any further. I couldn't remember ever being as wet as that before.

Quest: But you did go further?

Clerk: He said he wanted to lie on top of me.

Quest: You mean, have intercourse!

Clerk: Oh no. He knew I wasn't going to do that with him. He just said he wanted to feel me and hold me close. He wanted to be as near to me as possible.

Quest: And you believed him?

Clerk: I wasn't sure, but I didn't want to disappoint him. I did want to be close.

Quest: So you let him?

Clerk: Yes.

Quest: And what happened?

Clerk: He was much heavier than I thought he'd be. And then I felt bare skin against me – against my tummy and my thighs. And I realised he must have opened his trousers.

Quest: Did that worry you?

Clerk: Yes it did! What was worse was that because of his weight he was slipping down between my legs, pushing them further apart – even though he wasn't really making any movements. We were both breathing quite hard by now and I came close to panicking. But Roger talked to me, and made me feel better.

Quest: He didn't actually get off you?

Clerk: Oh no. It sounds so silly now – we must have looked stupid, lying on top of each other, him with his trousers round his bottom, and me with my boob hanging out and my skirt round my waist. Then he kissed me, and said he had one last favour to ask, and he had no right to because I'd been so marvellous, and it was entirely up to me. But he wanted to touch me – between my legs – with his thing.

Quest: He wanted to put his erect penis – ?

Clerk: Against my opening – just touching the lips. He said if I refused he'd understand perfectly, but I must realise by now he wasn't a novice at making love – he obviously did find me very attractive but he'd restrained himself out of respect for my

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wishes. And he'd go on doing that for as long as I wanted.

Quest: Are you sure you weren't agreeing to have intercourse?

Clerk: No, because neither of us had any kind of protection. I suppose that was the kind of final safeguard in my mind, even if I was letting Roger do things I wouldn't let Gordon do.

Quest: So you let him?

Clerk: I thought if it was just for a few seconds. He seemed to want it so much, and I did – to be honest – feel a bit curious as to what it would be like.

Quest: You hadn't seen his erect penis?

Clerk: I could feel it against the inside of my thigh, and it felt enormous, but I was afraid to actually touch it or even try and look at it.

Quest: Go on.

Clerk: He sort of inched himself forward on me, and squeezed his hand down between us, over my tummy. And then I felt him. It was almost like his finger again, except it was much bigger and very hard. Then I started to realise how warm it was – it felt scalding. It was so strange. Our faces were practically touching, and we were both breathing very slowly and carefully. Roger even grinned. 'There,' he said, 'see what a good boy I am.' I nodded, and I suppose that must have moved him because he shuddered and closed his eyes. I said, 'Are you alright? I'm sorry. I'll be as still as I can. I promise.' He

> 'He did to me what he said he wouldn't. But if your are too suspicious you can end up missing a lot of fun . . .'

swallowed and quietened down a bit but I could see the sweat on his forehead. 'You'll be careful, won't you?' I said very quietly. He gave this little nod, and we hardly breathed for what seemed like ages. I felt so taut – everything felt so electric. Then I realised he was sinking down again, and the tip of his thing was being pushed further between my lips. I think he realised it at the same time because he lifted himself back. And I sort of grunted, and he looked at me as if I'd had a change of mind, I suppose. But it was only because he'd shifted his weight o me. Then he started to tremble, and th trembling made his thing move against me it felt odd and gorgeous all at the same time which really worried me. Then the tremblin sort of turned into tiny sliding movements getting bigger and bigger. I said, 'Roger please be careful.' He just grunted, and hi eyes closed again, but I could feel hin pushing into me. I opened my mouth again but before I could say anything he gaspe out, 'Oh Jesus – Jesus, Clare (nam changed) – you feel – so good – *God* – can't help it – I must – ' I think I cried ou and he jerked his hips forward, and his peni slipped straight into me. It was so quick an easy I couldn't think – it was sore afterward but it didn't hurt at all then. I just had thi dreadful, terrifying, glorious feeling that man was inside me for the first time – he wa really having me. I don't know how long h pumped into me – it could have been an time – my mind was just in a whirl. And the he gave this great jerk, and I saw his fac change, and I felt him twitching, an jumping inside me, and I knew he'd come.

Quest: Did you?

Clerk: Not in the way I've done since. Bu the experience was overwhelming enough a it was!

Quest: Even though your 'expert' lovemaking had done exactly what h promised he wouldn't?

Clerk: Oh yes, but if you're too suspiciou you can sometimes end up missing an awfu lot of fun!

Quest: Thank you.

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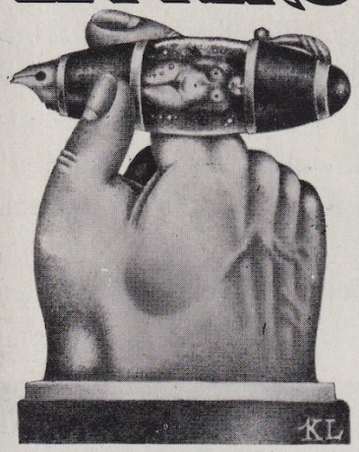
LETTERS

LETTERS



You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. *Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.*

Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

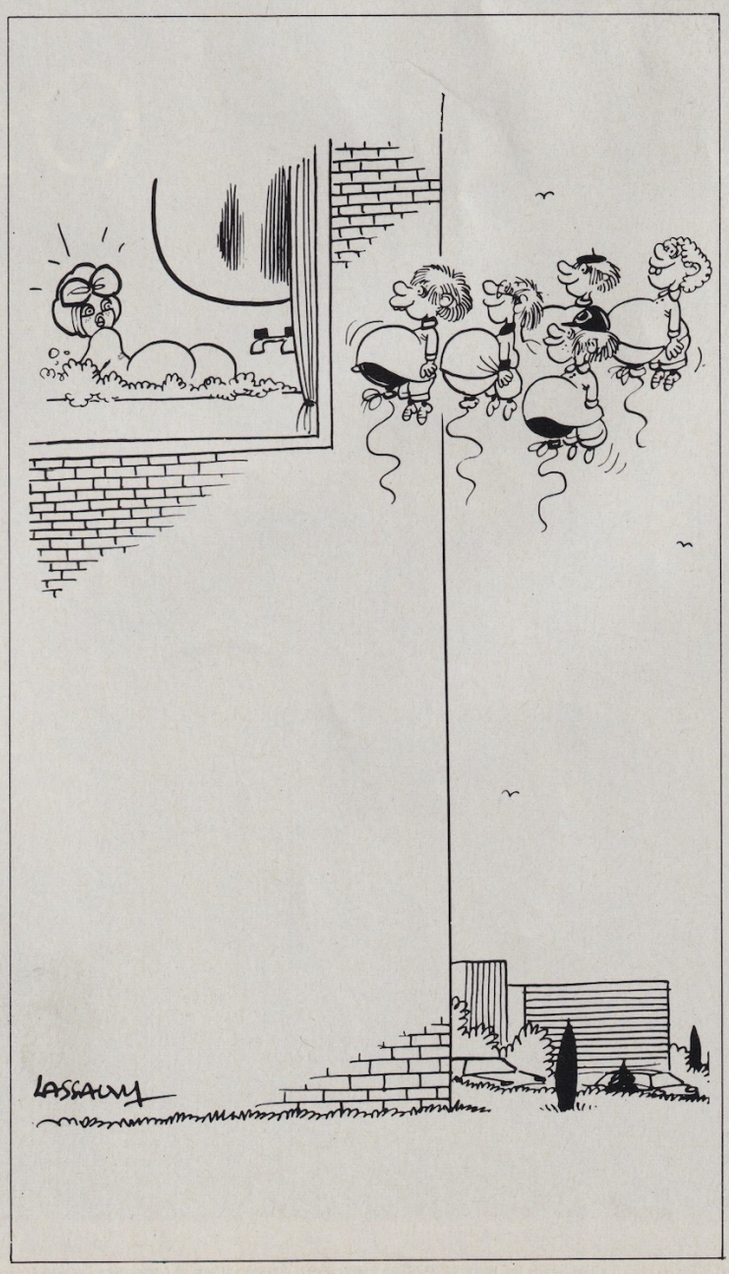
May I congratulate you on a great magazine, not just for its girls but its articles. I especially enjoyed the Christmas issue (Vol 19 No 12) with its rivetting account of the sinking of the *Tirpitz* and the *Warbirds* feature. Two very informative articles which I enjoyed nearly as much as Maria Mann, a truly lovely lady whom I hope we will be seeing more of soon. Keep up the good work, and varied content.
GB, Ardrossan

Congratulations on your Christmas issue for 1984. It's a cracker, and obviously another collectors' item.
Star attraction is, of course, Joanne Latham, but what is the matter with her? Her body is beautiful, so is her face, but does she think that that lovely patch between her legs is too good for mere mortals to see and enjoy. There are, in all 21 superb photographs by Donald Milne, only two small ones where that area is visible in detail. The first is on page seven, the contents page, and is the smallest, so consequently the view between her thighs is tiny, and much detail is lost. The other is on page 98, and is regrettably almost as small as the first one.
True her legs are wide apart, but you would need a large magnifying glass to study the view – and then the dot pattern intervenes.
To add to this unnecessary coyness (you can't blame Donald Milne, he knows only too well what readers like to see), opposite is a full page, beautifully detailed picture of Joanne's breasts. I note some stretch marks which are beginning to show. Clearly Joanne is having the same problem as all girls with superb breasts – they are too heavy, and the flesh is unfortunately beginning to show the strain.
But compare this to the shots of Amanda and Georgina. In virtually every photograph, the girls show their fannies clearly and visibly, in satisfying detail. I especially like the one of Amanda at the top of page 14, and wish we could have had a full page view of that. Doesn't she have the most delightful thatch?
Similarly the picture of Georgina on page 146 is excellent, but not big enough. We see plenty of large pictures of tits, why not equally sized pictures of the girl's even more desirable area between her thighs? Never mind her purity of mind. The readers are paying good money for a high quality commodity, presented in a comprehensive, highly skilled and reader-satisfying way. If she is not prepared to do the job properly, then she should not take up modelling.
Marina, without doubt your most beautiful girl, provides us with plenty of open-thighed shots, her pretty trinket offered with sweetness, and obviously affectionate thought. This appears to be absent from Joanne, who has a slightly hard, arrogant hint in her eyes. When are we going to see more of the divine Miss M.
On page 96, Joanne is in the classic position of the girl about to be entered from behind. In my view though the only way for her to redeem herself is to reveal all of her charms in a special spread devoted entirely to her fanny.
What else is there to say about Vol 19 No 12?
Huckleberry Fanny? Uh-huh, So-so.
Getting Over Older Women? Funny and very thought provoking. I don't think it does justice to older women however. One remembers Verona Sampson in Vol 18 No 1, and looks at Olivia de Haviland in her 60s, and realises how erotic older women can be. They show more loving affection than younger girls.
The Party is Over, Brian Forbes' cartoons – lovely stuff, the pure essence of *Mayfair*.
As for the other girls, Maria is gorgeous but I wish she had left those damn silly stockings at home.
Antonia is delightful, especially in the shot on page 82.
Helena has a beautiful body but looks so serious. Also I appreciate that you have no colour bias at *Mayfair*, but do you think it is really erotic to put all those orange-coloured girls on display? What is she ? A cross between Red Indian and Chinese?
Georgina is superb, but she could trim her thatch a bit more, it's a wee bit thick.
Veronica is a nice girl but a bit too thin.
Pauline? What can I say? One look at those black stockings and the suspender belt stretched tight against her soft, rounded flesh, sends the temperature rising . . .
Private Treatment – the dentist sequence – included a lovely girl, who is she?
Amanda, I have left until last. She comes second only to Joanne Latham in bodily beauty. Exceptionally tender flesh, legs, hips and feet all in perfect proportion – and those oh-so-kissable lips, and gentle friendly eyes.
The technical articles were also excellent. I liked *Green Gauge Summer* best with all those wonderful GWR locomotives.
Keep up the good work.
AH, Taunton

Thank you AH. We are always ready to listen to constructive criticism. Mind you, it sounds as if you should be running a school for young ladies. Aren't you a weeny bit crutch struck?

Thank you for another excellent Christmas issue, and special

turn to page 110



LETTERS

continued from page 9

thanks for another glimpse of Harriet Fowler.

The letter from PP of Hampstead brought back memories of my college days when three of us had a similar, unofficial 'Sex in Odd Places' society. All of us were keyholders for the Students' Union building, and between us we could boast the following locations.

The balcony of the Great Hall during a rock concert, the President's desk, a pool table, a pinball table (yes, playing at the same time!), both bars (after closing time), the canteen staff rest room, the print room, on top of the travel agency safe, every office desk in the building, the flat roof whilst sun-bathing, and various parts of the college admin building during a sit-in.

Life was good in those days, and of course, we had the help of some very beautiful and obliging ladies.

WR, Huddersfield

PS I forgot to mention the projection room and Hall store.

Well done, you are the glittering prize winner, unless your impressive total is beaten.

I cannot have been the only one of your readers to have lusted after the wide-eyed innocence of Helen Slater in the recent movie, *Supergirl.*

In recent months, you've given us Edwardian ladies, nurses, girls going to expensive restaurants, and dentists. How about a little scenario where the prim secretary ducks into the stock cupboard or a phone box, strips, and emerges as . . . Miss Mayfair.

PJ, Lowestoft

A nice idea, PJ. Perhaps our own strip 'supergirl' Carrie will help save the universe after she has finished her laundry (see page 112).

One of my favourite features in *Mayfair* is *Quest*, and I was particularly interested in the interview with the architect in Vol 19 No 12. Like him, I too became over-excited recently at the prospect of spending the night with a very young girl.

I am the same age as the Quest interviewee (ie 46), but the girl in question was somewhat younger than the one mentioned – just 16 in fact. Also like your interviewee, I was quite overcome by her exceptional beauty and the sheer eroticism of the moment. I lasted a little longer than he, but even so managed to explode after about five minutes of naked kissing and fondling.

Even though a premature ejaculation is not the ideal, nevertheless on this occasion the intensity of the sensation was very pleasurable, and resulted in fact in a copious and powerful emission.

The feeling that I was doing something just a little bit 'naughty', albeit perfectly legal, plus the fact that I hadn't come for almost a fortnight were perhaps contributing factors to my over-excitement. The main things though (and this would seem to be the case in many instances when a man of my age has a sexual encounter with a girl so young) were the wonderful experience of her smooth youthful skin against mine, the touch of her soft golden hair, her look of elfin-faced innocence, and especially the thrill of feeling her pert, cone-shaped breasts prodding into my chest whilst I held her extremely narrow waist.

As we continued our love-play, I very quickly became hard again, and after another twenty mintues or so I entered in the kneeling position. She was so incredibly tight, being young and very petite, that again I was not able to control myself for long, and again experienced a powerful climax.

Whilst I enjoy sex with a wide range of partners, it is not often that my excitement rises to such a totally uncontrollable pitch as it did, that night with my precocious 'Lolita'.

BS, Kent

Does anyone else share my fascination for shaven pubes? I find hair, pubic or underarm, on a girl very off-putting, and have done so for a long time.

I believe this fascination stemmed from my first sexual encounter when very young. I remember playing 'doctors' with my sister and her girlfriend, and being fascinated by their clean appearance down there. It is something which has stayed with me for all these years.

When I met my girlfriend, and we first had sex, I was pleased to discover that she was very sparsely covered down there, and that what hair she did have was blonde in colour. Nevertheless, as our sexual relationship progressed, and we tried more and more to please one another Mary (name changed) volunteered to shave herself there for me.

One night she went up to bed a little early, and when I got to the bedroom, Mary asked me to get my shaving mug and brush ready. I felt myself start to shake with anticipation. When I got to the bathroom I found that Mary had already got most of the hair off with her lady shaver, and now her beautiful lips could be seen properly although there was quite a lot of stubble still visible. Mary asked me to lather her up, so I applied some hot water and then brushed in some of my Old Spice shaving cream. Mary couldn't help noticing from the bulge in my trousers that I was already excited, and so she told me to untie my sweat pants, and get myself out. With the cream liberally applied Mary handed me a disposable razor, and then she asked me to shave her completely bald.

I ran the razor over her once but obviously not powerfully enough because all I collected was a mass of foam. It was impossible to continue, despite Mary encouraging me, my hand was too tense with excitement, and was shaking far too much. Mary took over, and finished the job. My shaking hand was applied elsewhere to great effect. After Mary had cleaned and dried up, and applied some powder, I enjoyed the most

turn to page 114

'Helen, you must use your gloves when serving hot plates!"

LETTERS

continued from page 110

fabulous bout of cunnilingus I've ever experienced. Having it all there to see so clearly, and enjoy was marvellous.

So *Mayfair*, how about some shaved girls, or at least ones with downy hair?

PP, Harrow

I have recently been lucky enough to have one of my major sexual fantasies come true, and I thought other *Mayfair* readers might like to hear about it.

My fantasy concerns older women, and as a 23-year-old I find women in their early to mid forties a real exotic mystery. Although I'm no Don Juan, I get my fair share of sex with birds my own age, so I don't consider myself frustrated. But I have never had sex with anyone more than a few years older than myself, and I didn't really expect to until Pauline (name changed), the mother of my latest girlfriend. She is a divorcee aged about 42, but looks ten years younger.

I am in the army, and when I come home on leave I often stay with Kathy (name changed), my girlfriend, and her mum. They live alone, and seem quite glad of the male company. And Pauline has never made any fuss about Kathy and I sharing the same room. In fact when I come home on leave she often makes jokes about how tired I must be, and she expects I'll want an early night.

One Saturday morning Kathy went out shopping early, leaving me in bed. I got up and went to the bathroom for a shower. I always feel porky in the mornings, and as I dried myself I began to feel randy. In fact I got a raging hard on. I was standing there wondering what to do about it when Pauline just walked in without knocking. She said later that it was accidental and she didn't know I was in there, but I'm not so sure. I was so surprised I just stood there looking at her. It didn't occur to me to try to cover myself up. Pauline didn't seem embarrassed at all. She was staring at my cock with a look of unmistakeable pleasure.

When I recovered my senses I tried to laugh it off, and picking up a towel began to wrap it round me. But before I could do anything Pauline was on her knees in front of me, holding me in her hands and kissing the tip. My erection got even stronger as her mouth sank over me and she began to work on me with her tongue.

Just as I was near to losing all control she stopped and took off the dressing gown she was wearing to reveal her totally naked body. There wasn't an ounce of fat on her, yet her boobs were magnificent – heavy and full without sagging, with prominent dark brown nipples. Her belly was flat and trim, sloping down to a black tangle of pubes.

I stood there astonished as she lay on her back on the floor and opened her legs to give me a view of a beautiful pussy which was obviously ready for me.

It was all like a dream, something unreal, because nothing was said. I moved over her, positioned myself between her legs, and slowly entered her. Pauline wrapped her legs around me as I began to move in and out, building up speed as I quickly reached a climax. She began to moan and yell, and reached her own climax just after me.

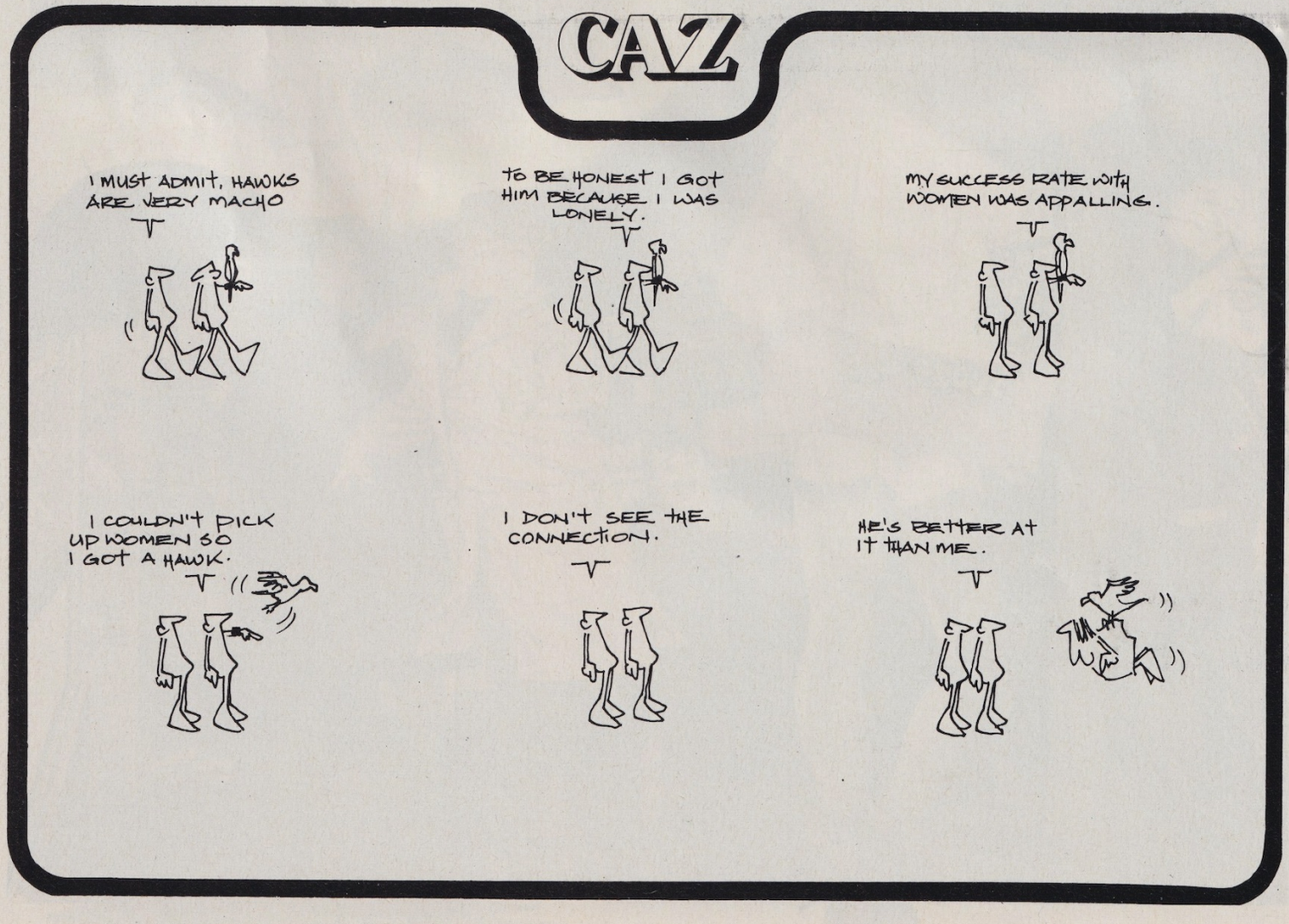
We were both a little embarrassed afterwards, and agreed to say nothing to Kathy. I don't know if it will happen again, but it was an incredible experience, and I don't really feel guilty because it was Pauline who started it all.

(Name and address withheld)

I was looking for an unusual present for my girlfriend for Christmas. I wanted something naughty, and finally settled on buying her a vibrator. But what an embarrassment buying it. I went into my local sex shop, looked around, and a rather effeminate assistant asked if he could help. After selecting a seven inch model with an 'up and down' motion, and going to the counter to pay, the assistant asked if there was anything else I wanted – 'some lubricating cream perhaps?' 'Good grief, no,' I said, 'it's for my girlfriend, really. What do you think I wanted it for?' I didn't give him time to answer before I left, without even collecting the change.

PM, London E7

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ



FICTION

She couldn't remember the photos being taken, but she was capable of doing that sort of thing back in the swinging sixties. To do it once more wouldn't hurt

MODERN, AS IN MARY QUANT

Fiction by Andy Darlington

The slide snapped onto the screen.

At first she couldn't recognise herself. Op-art mini-skirt of large concentric circles. Long black hair teased into an abrupt fringe stopping just above her eyes. Those thickly eye-shadowed eyes. Her legs long and thin, together at the knees, but splayed gawkily at the ankles. A deliberate attempt to gatecrash the spirit of adolescence, and market it as a sixties style-wars product. It could be Jean Shrimpton. Could be Cathy McGowan. But even then her figure was too full to carry it off convincingly. And she's smiling at the camera with her bee-stung sub-Bardot lips.

It was odd seeing these fifteen-years-back shots. A mix of ridicule and sadness that it's over.

The second slide snapped up.

She was crouching, back to the camera, and naked, looking like this week's special offer. Heels tucked in beneath the smoothly-rounded hemispheres of her bottom, soles of her feet and toes showing clean and white. She was half-turning, long black hair in shaggy deltas over her shoulder, three-quarters face smiling coyly into the lens. And

ILLUSTRATION BY JEAN GLEN MITCHEL

in the 'V' between her arm and her body, the sheer tip-tilted curve of her left breast showing clear to the silhouette nipple. An art-shot, same late-60's vintage, done for one of those quaint, strangely reticent, glossy pocket books. Could be Harrison Marks. Was it *Spick* or was it *Span*? (was it Bill or was it Ben?).

Then the third slide.

This time she wasn't smiling for the camera. It's difficult to smile with a cock in your mouth.

She felt giddy and sick to the pit of her stomach.

The evening had started badly, and sloped downhill all the way. A reception in a hotel panning out across the Thames, and pulsing with New York electro-funk disco. A suite full of mid-80's chic that began talking sales figures, international book fairs and publication schedules, then gravitating rapidly to bitching about 'his' live-in-lover and 'her' narcotic preferences. Bored out of her skull, it was only after a long low slide of drinks and stunningly dull small-talk that she noticed him. It was the mouth that first snagged at her memory. The kind of sneering pout you practised from early Presley movies. But when she'd seen it last, it was set into a different face with different associations. Parties in Chelsea flats, mixing with kinky cats, framing, focus and time-exposures, Courréges boots, David Bailey, boutiques and bistros. A centre parting, tinted shades, Afghan coat. Now he stood in the corner by himself, virtually ignored, affording her long moments to look him up and down. He was razored almost skinhead-bald, an attempt at modern new brutalism that instead made him appear more naked, more vulnerable. A single ear-stud. A Presley sneer stuck on like a decal, an incongruous out-of-period after-thought.

Richard More. Dicky More. Mister Dickey (Dick More. More Dick!); 1966's Man with a Pentax; 1967's *Lens* magazine 'Photographer of the Year'; the man who shot 'The Face of 68'.

And there was no way she could stop herself, no way at all. 'Dicky? Remember me? Margaret – Mags?'

'There's no "Dicky" anymore. That's over. Finished.' His voice unexpectedly soft, but just as insistent.

'Lousy party.' He seemed unwilling to take it further. 'But I've got to be here. I quit modelling ages ago. Married Max Michaels – the publisher – perhaps you heard?' No response. 'What are you doing now?'

'I've a few projects set up.' Then, for the first time, his expression relaxed, became unpleasantly animated. A ghost of that half-delinquent, half-bohemian she'd known then. That same slightly evil sense of degeneracy. 'It's weird ,really – 'cos one of the projects concerns you.'

And that was the beginning. That was the bait. Max was in a gaggle with some literati, talking shop intently.

No-one would miss them, and she was hooked on hints. She was slightly unsteady, but she drove him back to his studio following his directions. His instructions were curt and concise. He was used to manipulating, used to being obeyed. Like in the old days – 'A little to the left Mags, tilt up, hold there, a bit more tit now, hold . . .' A low-rent once-fashionable area she recognised as somewhere out beyond Maryon Park, passing Greenwich. An area picked up and long since stranded by the ebb and flow of trend. It had been a warehouse, converted, modernised, then allowed to lapse into a long drawn-out senility of gentle decay. He stabbed the switch, and a cross-patch of low fluorescents winked up. Like a set from *Blow-Up*. Colour background screens and cut-outs, arc-lights and cables. A propellor shaft revolving leisurely from the ceiling in step with some undetectable air current. She followed him up stairs she recognised from fifteen-years back, into the darkroom and developing area. There were show-room dummies left over from photography sessions. They had pubic hair and rouged cherry-red nipples. Some wore rapist hoods zipped down the face, or goggle-eyed masks. She caught her own reflection accidentally in loose drapes of polythene. Examined it critically. She still looked good, hair still as long and dark as in that brief six-month stint they'd lived together and fed off each other's small successes. Now she wore it crimped to give it body, maturity. And she still dressed stylishly, sheer white-laced blouse (no bra) with a tight black cameo choker at the neck, and deep emerald crushed-velvet slacks. She smiled approvingly. Posed at the reflection.

She sat where he told her to sit, easing down into a softly-exhaling black vinyl tubular chair. He fussed irritably with the projector. 'Two options,' he resumed. 'This is the first. A portfolio for book publication.'

Pictures flashed up. At first mildly provocative, teasingly erotic. Art-porn. Anonymous girls, bodies used as butchered visual furnishing in various settings with plastics and chrome, ebony blacks and bright vulgar reds. Faceless girls crossed in zips and the suggestion of chains, highly polished steel rods, piping at 45 degrees to the face, or piercing the 'Y' of splayed legs. There was montage, superimposition and image-splicing. Cold industrial settings in ice-sharp clarity. Showroom dummies in impersonal lines interposed with one or two naked girls in identical stance, flesh merging into plaster seamlessly, shaven pubes and precise pink nipples like solitaire stones. Everything dehumanised into passivity.

She felt mildly drunk. Something canted in her stomach. The austere eroticism communicating to her, almost against her will.

'Well. Whadya think? Would Michaels publish them?'

So THAT was it. 'They're good. Not Max's style though. The imprint's far too conservative to risk anything like that. But good. What about the other stuff now. The stuff that concerns me.'

And there it was on the screen. Bee-stung

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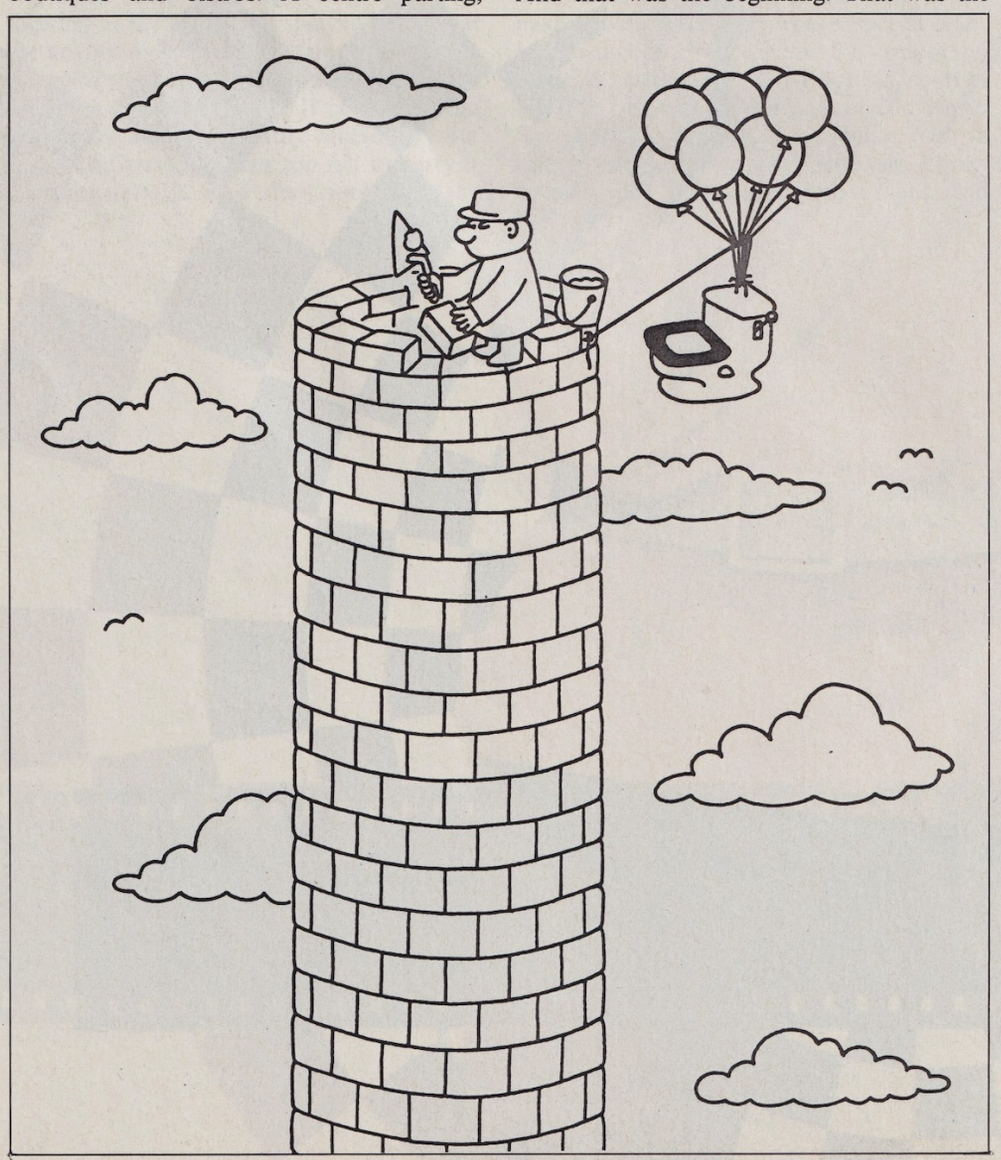

Modern, as in Mary Quant

continued from page 18

sub-Bardot lips rolled moist around that fat blue-veined penis, whisps of smoky pubic hair almost melting into her own fringe hung low over her forehead. Her thickly eye-shadowed eyes dreamily half-closed in concentration. Surely she'd never ... surely you'd remember doing something like THAT! Nudies, yes, she'd done them, sexy, slightly titillating stuff, but NOTHING hard-core. But then again, there'd been lots of illegal substances around, it was 'Swinging London' after all, one was expected to indulge. There were memory blanks, lost weekends, parties and stoned photo sessions. Was it possible ...? The evidence was there. Poking her in the face.

'You want I should show you more? I got more.'

'What ... is ... this ... Dicky? I don't understand.'

He shifted round into the projector beam so the slide rippled up onto him. 'The problem is predominantly financial. I've been through some bad times, you know that. Project One got me seriously into debt. I need to make a sale. If I can't sell Project One I'll have to put this – Phallus in Wonderland – on the market.'

'Are you trying to blackmail me? What is it you want?'

I'm just putting you in the picture, no pun. That's all. And as you ask, tonight has made me a touch, um, nostalgic for the old days. Remember Mags? How's about one more for old-times sake?' He fingered his belt lasciviously, the crude slide crawling up and down his thigh like in some obscene psychedelic movie. Some of the panicky fear ebbed. Why not? He always was good, even then. She just might have done it without the coercion. But that gave it an added frisson. And was there a choice? Those slides could bust her marriage wide open. She had too much to lose, taking a chance on it was out of the question.

She tilted her head. 'You want to screw me? You brought me here, set this up, just for that? I'm almost flattered by the idea of it.'

'I want you naked. Now. Before I count ten. One ...'

She smiled in a way intended to be coquettish, and shrugged. She unfastened the lacing on her blouse, his eyes never leaving her as she loosened the next and the next; her fingers hovering indecisively over the fourth '... three ... four ...' It was now open almost to her waist, and he could see the warm swelling of her breasts standing out, sensed the quick dark pulse of blood through her pale skin. Under his clothing he began to sweat. She had good tits, carried high and firm, squinting slightly outwards, and if they were too full for 60's style, then men liked them that way whatever the dictates of fashion. He'd seen them before, but this time he was treating her like a whore, and that, in itself, was oddly stimulating. She slipped the blouse over her shoulders, and stood up slowly, self-consciously, as it fell away. The cool air caressed her bare skin, and crept up her stomach causing her large oval nipples to stand out hard. He'd interpret that as arousal, as eagerness, the arrogant bastard. His eyes on her. '... seven ... eight ...' Her fingers fumbled clumsily at the tight waistband, fingers shaking so badly she couldn't get her pants down, as if they refused to play the game. Her breasts hung heavily, wobbling sensually from side to side as she tugged the fastening, shadowing her subtle waist. Then the smooth material was skinning down over her thighs and the tufts of dusky pubic hair. She stepped free, first one foot, then the other, and stood in the state of nature, head slightly bowed and shaded by her hair, nude for his appraisal.

He was unbuckling, shooting the zip, and hefting his denims to the knee. Her head felt light and numb as his penis crawled into view. It was already at its zenith, and straining at the leash. The projected slide now played over his bare gut, the photographic cock aligning just above its fleshy counterpart. 'Think we'll start with some head,' he said. 'I don't do that, not even for Max,' she began, but the contradiction was obvious. So she went down like a lamb, submissively, in a strange void of sensation, amputated from all feeling. Canvas cold on her knees as she crouched before him, the vulgar slide swimming across the undulations of his heaving stomach like a step-by-step guide. Incongruously she realised she'd left her cameo choker in place – but perhaps that was appropriate. The absurdly lewd idea almost had her giggling stupidly. His rod was stiff and hot to the touch. She flushed slightly, her cheeks burning, her flesh crawling with repulsive fascination. Then what was in her hand was between her lips, forcing her teeth wide, the sour taste flooding her, the musky smell of male arousal attacking her nostrils. She nearly gagged, but at the same time was bizarrely turned on by her servility, her humiliation, her complete surrender to his will. She sucked, like in the photo, eyes closing in subjugation. She felt wanton, crude, delightfully debauched, her tongue playing hide and seek around the impaling shaft, tracing the pulsations that vibrated it with the animal life of its own.

But just as quickly he was shoving her back, getting her to crouch on all fours, bottom raised, and he came in behind her, sinking all the way into her, and fucking deep until she moaned uncontrollably. Not hurting, just filling her to the limit, stretching her, and automatically she was thrusting back to receive it. 'That's it, move your ass in circles, do the work, squeeze it hard, don't kid me you don't know how, aah that's fine.' Then he flipped her over onto her back, her breasts bobbing, pearled with sweat, thick mane of hair shimmying across her face. He darted between her splayed legs hungrily, and she was bucking under him until the seismic shocks of orgasm ripped through them simultaneously, and he was gushing deep inside her. Then they lay motionless, breathing heavy, all muscles relaxed and loose.

* * *

The trimphone purred. 'Richard? What do you want now? I thought we'd ... settled up.' She must have been mad. The booze, the pervasive eroticism must have got her, overridden her logic.

'That was very ... pleasant, yeah.' His voice leering at her through the handset. 'But as I explained, the basic financial situation remains unresolved. I still need to make a sale.' And she knew she was trapped.

'What do you want me to do?'

'Good girl, that's better. I want you to arrange for Michaels to publish Project One. It's as simple as that. Otherwise I'll have no choice but to market the other material.'

Days blurred into confusing intrigue. It wasn't easy. She primed Max well ('If it wasn't for Mister Dicky getting me off the ground in the first place we'd never have met, darling'), but he was initially reluctant. The portfolio didn't fit the company image, too overtly sexual. Richard came round to discuss the project. He was both smug and defensive. The meeting was inconclusive. He had no transport – could Margaret drive him home? He made her pull up onto some waste

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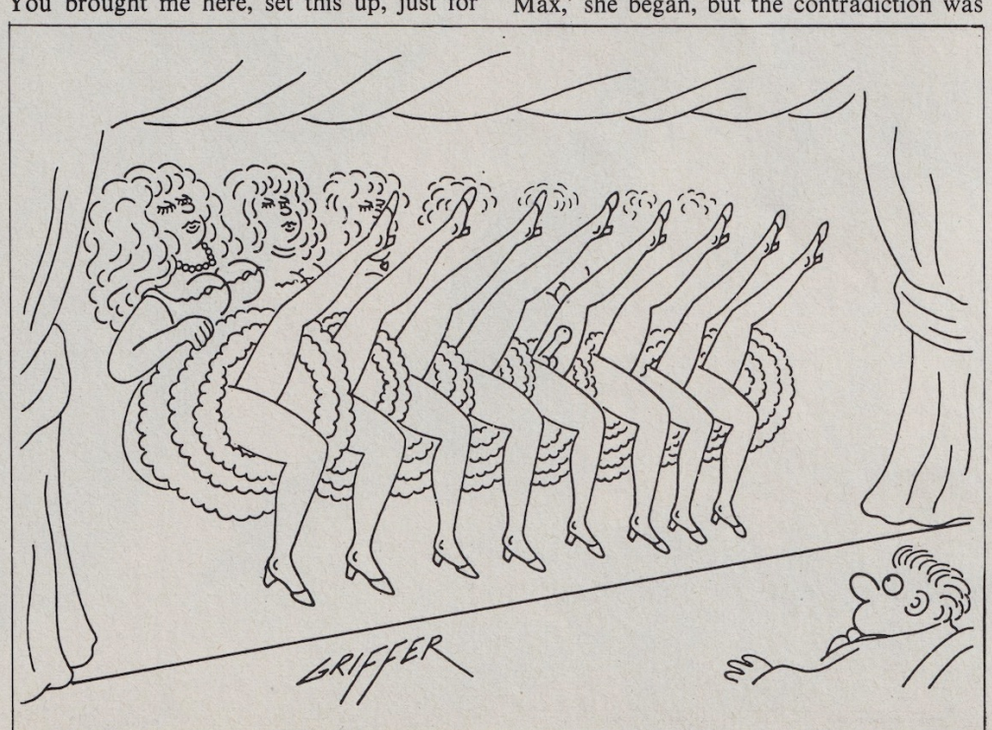

Modern, as in Mary Quant

continued from page 26

ground barely half a mile from the house, reclined the seat so he was near-horizontal, the sight of his erection acting like a powerful drug on her. 'Learning to gobble is just like learning to swallow oysters.' Stroking her hair encouragingly, holding the nape of her neck, and presenting it to her, 'Come on, don't play prude, open your mouth.' Her damp lips provided a hot moist envelope, her gurgling moans stifled by his girth. Then cruelly insistant fingers entwining her hair, pushing her head down until the grunting sounds of his pulsing climax came like distant echoes, and then kissing her lightly on the forehead when she'd done so she felt like some kid who'd just performed a cute party trick . . .

She changed tack, over-eagerness would be suspect. She applied subtle pressure to Max's partners – Dave Bentley in particular was younger, early thirties, tough, capable and intelligent, more assertive, out to establish his own sphere of influence in the boardroom. Wasn't it about time the company updated its image? Went into upmarket coffee-table art books? Wasn't this the ideal launch for a new, more adventurous line? And he was gradually snared – but it took so long. And she was now being fucked three or four times a week, at Richard's summons, inventing excuses to 'go uptown', but turning off beyond Maryon park like she was on heat. Her sexual repertoire expanded at his whim, one day like the butter scene from *Last Tango in Paris*, another time in fetish costumes left over from photo sessions, long langourous sixty-nining, and extended copulations with him holding back inside her for up to an hour, until she ached. She began to take the initiative, her nimble excited fingers working him to the edge, then taking him deep into her.

At last they produced a dummy mock-up of Project One, and Bentley threw his weight behind it at a board meeting, and Max was still undecided. She worked on him, dug out her scrapbooks of her in Mister Dicky's early work – a series of lip gloss ads, fashion spreads for *Rave* and *Mirabelle* magazines, lipstick ads – Modern as in Mary Quant.

The first edition of Project One – retitlted 'Love is colder than Death' – emerged three months later to ecstatic reviews. Within weeks it went into profit, followed by a second pressing. The promotion worked to devastating effect.

* * *

He took the mailing slip from his camouflage jacket, and passed it to her. 'For you, debt repaid. You got Project Two – all the prints, negs, everything, neatly parcelled and in the post to dispose of as you like.' She took a hit from her drink, and glanced around the studio where it all began. Like a set from *Blow-Up*. 'My stuff was good, I knew that, but without you I'd never have got it through. I want you to know I'm grateful. We're flying out to New York this weekend, me and Max, to fix up leasing rights over there. The contract with Michaels' is too valuable to mess with, so I'm freeing you. Now. No obligations any more.' For the first time his expression split open into a lazy grin. 'Those blow-job shots weren't genuine anyway. They were montage. Superimposition of old ad-session out-takes, and some home-made genital self-portraits. I just put them together for my own amusement, no real motivation beyond that, until I saw you at that reception. It all seemed too irresistible.'

'I knew.' Momentarily his bravura faltered, and he passed a hand over his close-cropped skull. 'They're mock-ups from that cosmetic series, '68. I was putting on lipstick, not sucking cock. I knew. Not straight away, of course, but I knew.'

'. . . then why go through with it all?'

'By that time I'd got hooked on it. And it's NOT going to stop, it's important to ME now, and it's you that's got too much to lose, Dicky. I mean it. If you don't want Max Michaels to see Project Two you'd better start feeding me cock on my terms, when and how I want it.'

He laughed, a jerky uncertain laugh. 'You're having me on aren't you? Yeah, very good. Getting your own back. You almost strung me along there.'

'You see if I'm joking.' For a long breathless moment nothing moved. Then, 'I want you naked, now, before I count to ten. One . . .'

He grinned nervously, toyed with his belt buckle, then slid it open helplessly.

'Good. Think we'll start with some head,' she smiled. 'Then more Dick, much much more . . .'

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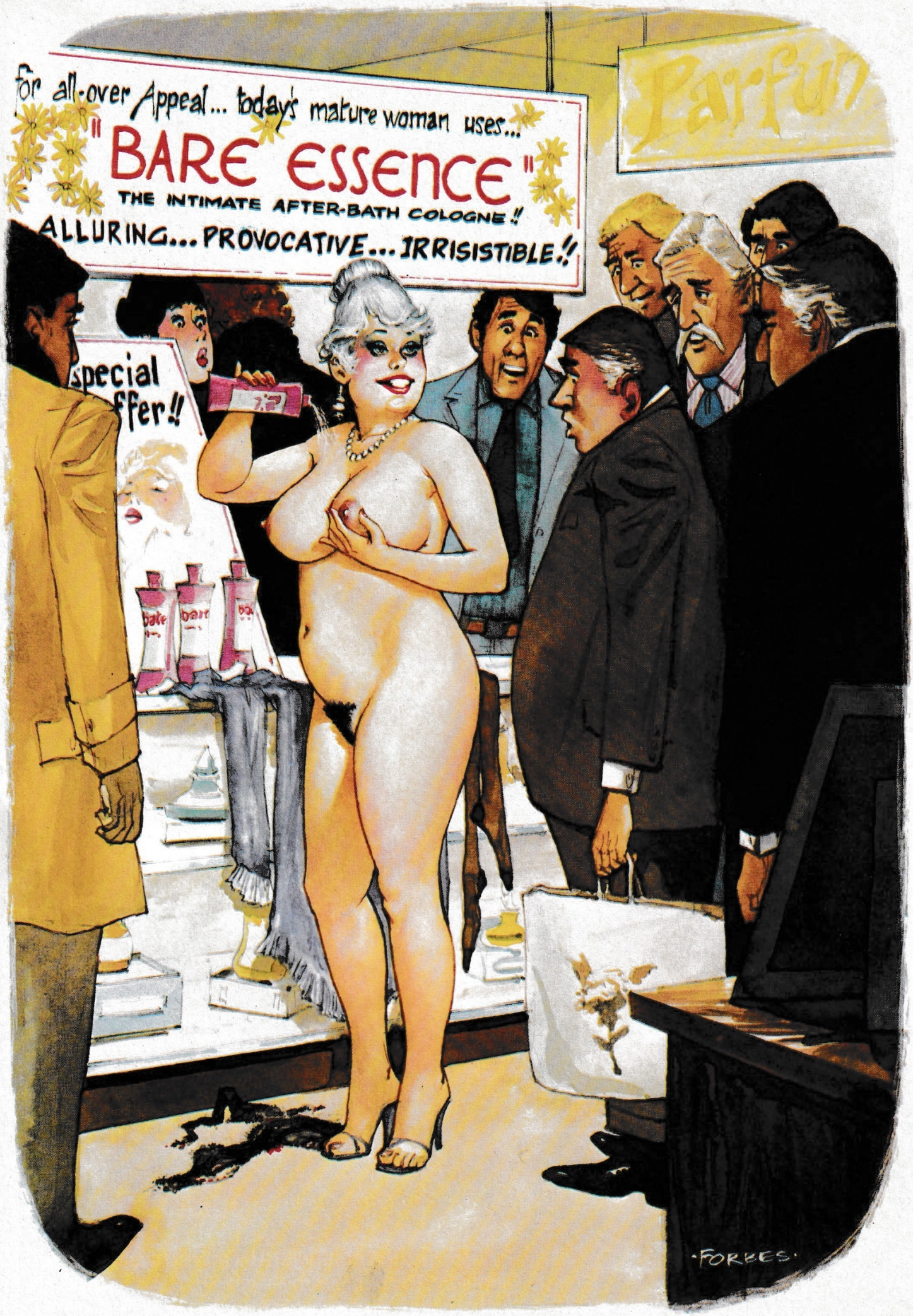
HUMOR



'Still think we make wildly exaggerated claims about our product, Sir?'

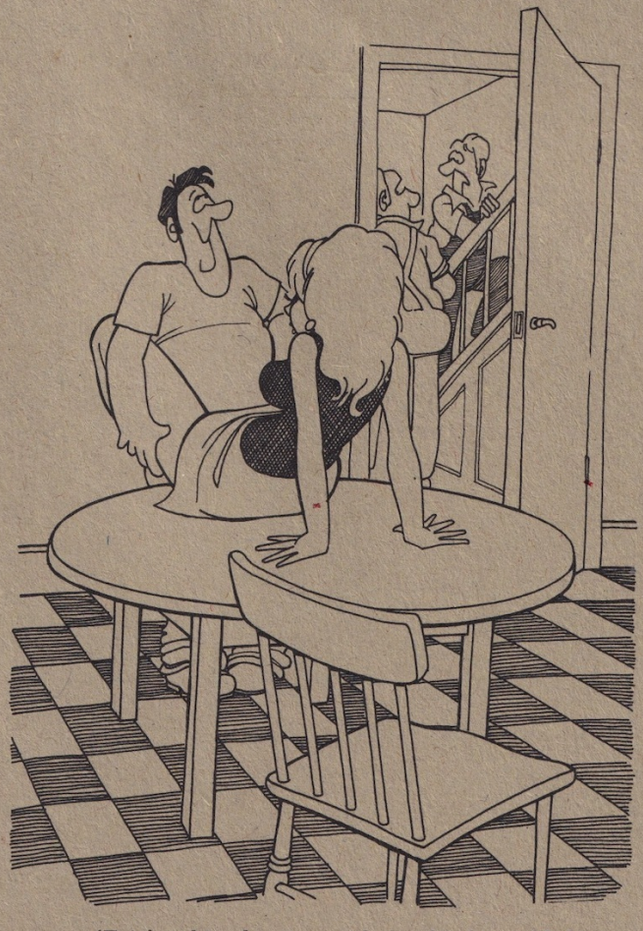
'I thought they would have started with some of the heavier things.

FAST MOVERS

When it comes to shifting
house, says cartoonist Anthony, the mistress
must expect some man-handling

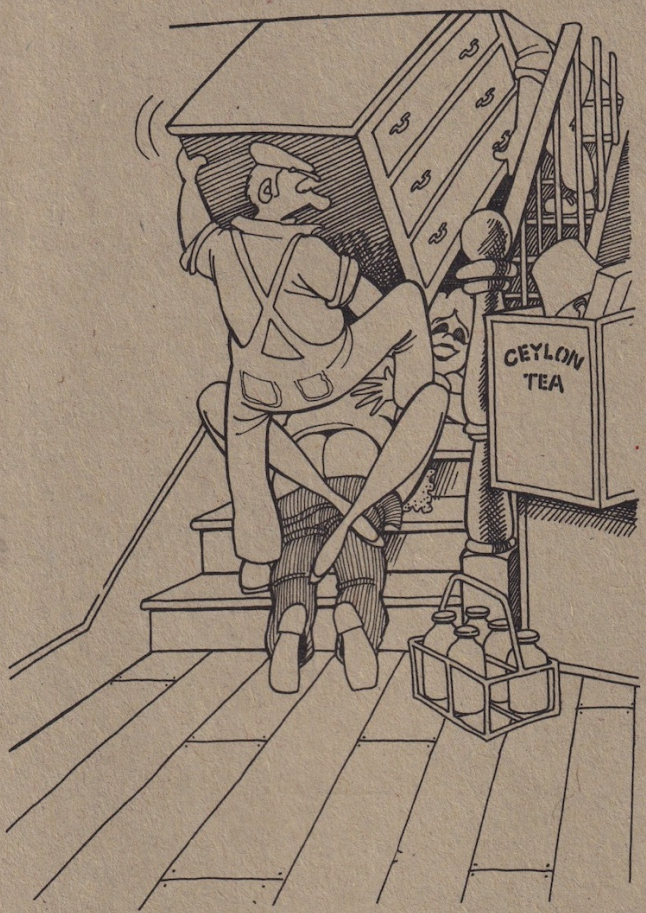
'I thought you were going to ride in the cab, Miss.'

'Can we take the bed now, Guv?'



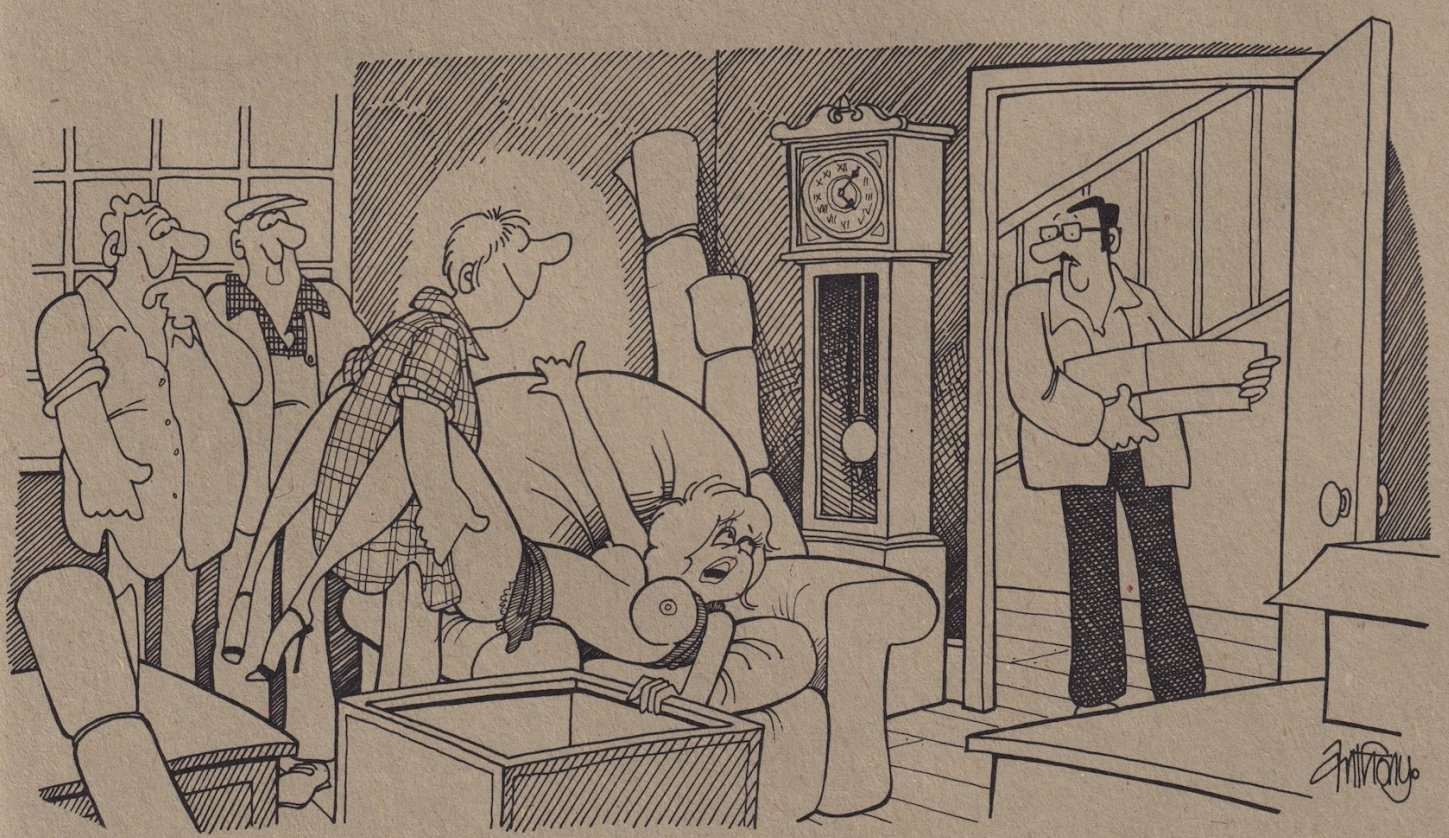
'Eric's taking his time with that kitchen table.'

'Whatever you do, Trevor, don't let go!'

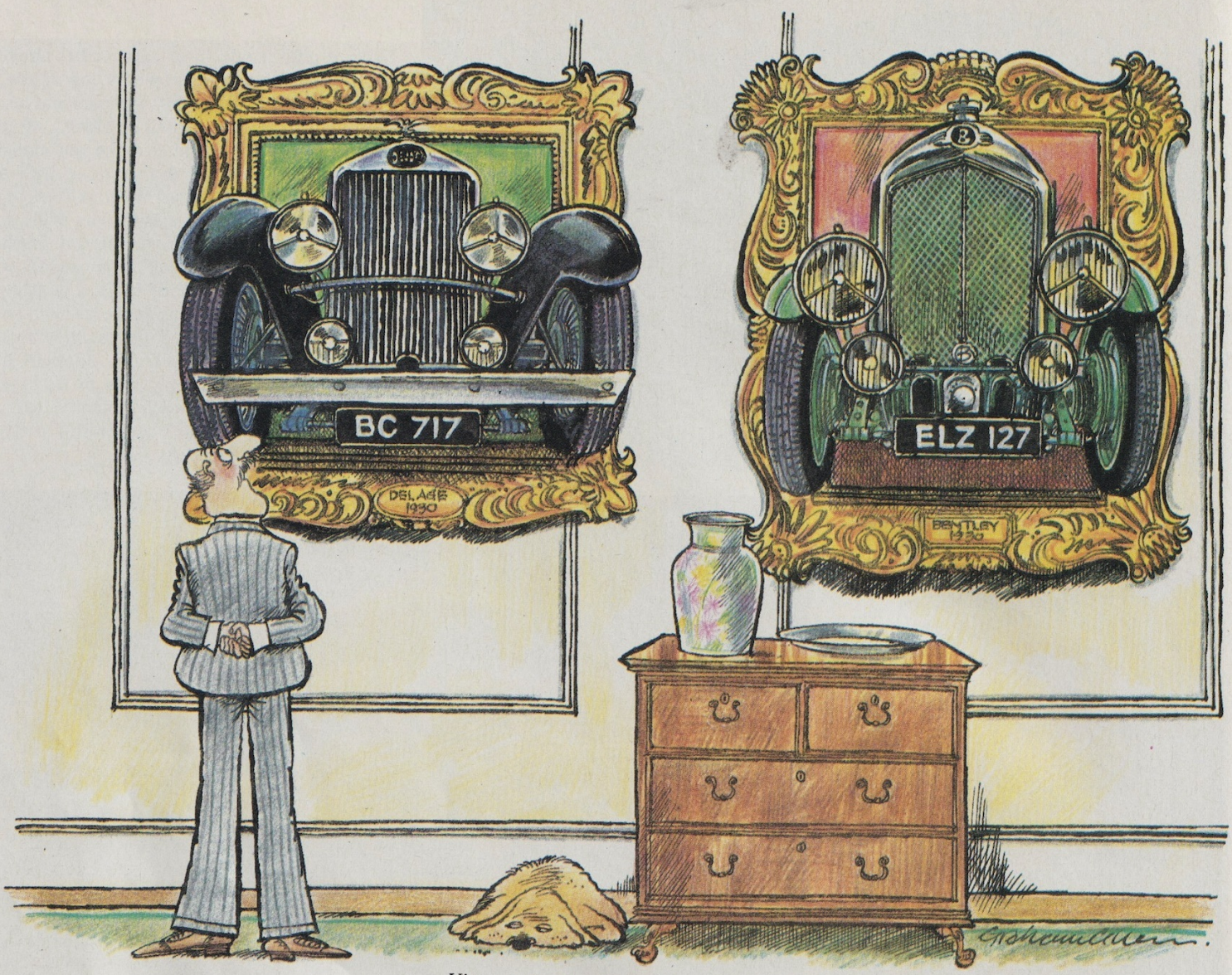


'It didn't take long for her new milkman to introduce himself.'

'Cyril has just gone to ask the lady where she wants it put.'



'But, darling – you said I should give them a little something when they'd finished.'



Vintage cars are treated as works of art.

Never give a sucker an even brake... that's the amusing truth behind those seductive classic car ads

Buying a used car can be fraught with dangers for the unwary, especially when you don't know the real meaning behind the glowing advertisements. To avoid being sold a pup, you need to read this cynic's guide to the car dealing lingo

Humour by D M Landers

The burgeoning interest in old cars can scarcely have escaped the notice of *Mayfair* readers, fortunate as they are to boast a regular contribution by one of the movement's most respected writers. While many of us fondly imagine that a twenties Bentley would be rather super for sunny Sundays, the grim reality of the matter is that vintage cars and, indeed, the better post-vintage examples -- the thoroughbreds – are now treated as 'works of art', to be 'invested' in (via Sotheby's of Christie's) by millionaires, and then 'stored' in humidity-controlled garages as a 'hedge against inflation'. Use them? Good God, no! Far too valuable.

We lesser mortals, to fulfil our dreams, must perforce turn to newer, post-war vehicles, usually termed collector's cars or, more euphemistically, classic cars. And classic cars are becoming big business, too, as any glance at a bookstall will verify.

Regular features in the popular press extoll the virtues of the Morris Minor, and happily quote a proud owner's ludicrously optimistic estimate of his car's value. Of course, the end result (not unexpectedly) is both to push up prices and to encourage owners of any old enough bangers to look upon their rusty wrecks as historically important, true-blue motoring milestones.

Indeed, even as you scan this page, some poor, unhappy Hillman Minx or Standard 10 (which should, by rights, have long ago ascended to that Great Cutting Torch in the Sky) is being stuffed full of filler, and having the pitiful remains of its chromium-plate buffed with Autosol, prior to the insertion of

an advert reading: '. . . genuine car, rust-free body. . . .'

And it may be through that very ad that some eager innocent will suffer his painful introduction to the world of old cars. Mental images of a pristine car-of-character – to be loved and cherished, washed and polished, used only on highways and holidays – immediately dashed as he comes face to face with the tired old heap. Shock, Horror, Dismay. But where has our novice gone wrong? Simple – in not reading the advert. Or, rather, in not *understanding* the advert. Here, then, is the cynic's guide to what is written *between* the lines.

Classified advertisements, and only classified ads, for cars tend to run to a set format; classic cars are no exception. First, the make, model and year, then various descriptions of the car (from the vendor's point of view, naturally), sometimes an identification of the owner (as in 'lady owner') and possibly a reason (excuse?) for the sale. A price may or may not be stated. But here's the important bit: because adverts are charged by wordage, all of the above will have been written in coded short-hand. And this is how to break it.

DESCRIPTION OF THE VEHICLE

This section usually comprises the bulk of the advert, and is, therefore, the most potentially dangerous. We've already seen that it is, of course, the seller who is describing the car and, as you'd expect, he, or she, will be very careful to pick out praiseworthy features. Or, rather, features which may be *construed* as praiseworthy. The cynic, however, will be able to learn a lot about the vehicle, if only by omission. For example, 'good engine' almost certainly means that the gear-box and back-axle are junk. The word 'clean' incidentally is frequently misinterpreted as suggesting recently washed – in fact, it means that the car has had a somewhat dubious history but now wears false registration-plates, and comes with a matching set of documents. The following are some of the descriptive codes:

Genuine Car — This is a recent code and it's still puzzling experts. Safe to assume, though, that the item for sale is not a Dinky toy, nor a cardboard cut-out from the back of a corn-flakes packet.

Good Runner — Don't expect too much here. After all, how fast can *you* run?

Fast or V Fast — May not be any quicker than above but vehicle has no brake.

Lively — No shock absorbers.

Attracts Attention — Police keep stopping it.

Restored — Read: re sprayed.

Fully restored — Re-sprayed and re-chromed.

Engine Overhaul — New plugs and points.

Major Engine Overhaul — Plugs, points *and* fan-belt.

Cylinder Head Removed For Inspection — The head was actually removed for a decoke, and the subsequent loss of several vital components precipitated the sale.

Totally Rust-free — No steel left – entirely glass-fibre and filler.

Needs Some Bodywork — Starting with the floor-pan, sills, door-posts, doors, inner and outer wings . . .

Best in UK — Marginally better than the other one down the road.

Stored X Years — Spent X years quietly rotting in an orchard.

Much work done — But, unfortunately, much, *much* more to do:

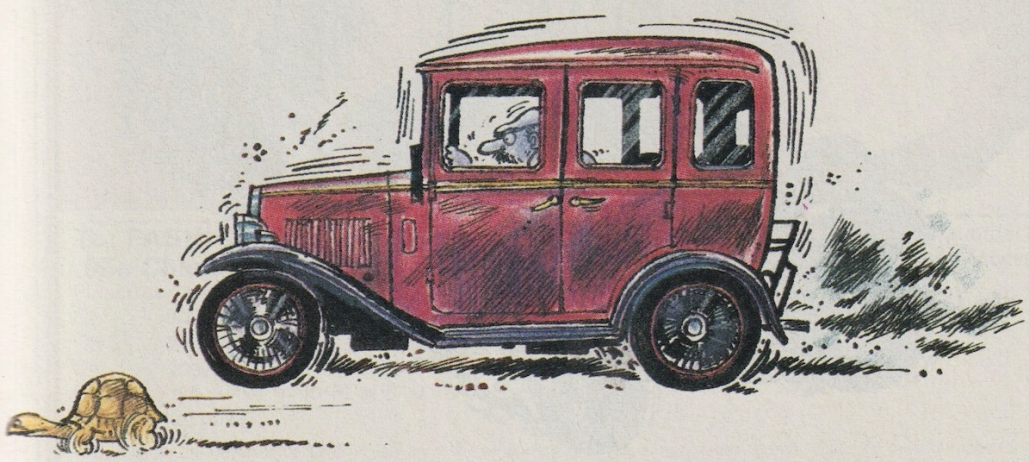
THE OWNER

It's always suspicious if the owner feels a need to identify himself/herself. The cynic understands that this is a device to take attention *away* from the vehicle. After all, it's the vehicle we're considering buying – not the owner. 'Titled Owner', or 'Previous Titled Owner', used to be popular, though goodness knows why. The mere suggestion that some chinless Hooray Henry might have belted a car around hunt balls should be enough to put anyone off!

Lady Owner — Be wary. If she's married, the car will have been totally neglected in favour of hubby's flashier, more modern model. If she's single, chances are that repairs have been botched by a succession of eager would-be boy-friends.

'Clean car' can mean wearing false number plates.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GRAHAM ALLEN



Don't expect too much from a 'Good Runner'.

One Elderly Owner — This car has spent its entire life in first gear with the choke full out.

Enthusiast Maintained — Has been maintained solely by an impecunious amateur of unknown mechanical ability.

For Sale by Owners Club Member — Extremely dangerous – don't *ever* be tempted! The assumption can only be that, having joined the club, the vendor now realizes how truly dreadful his particular example really is.

REASONS FOR SELLING

Where given, a reason for selling is presumably intended to inspire confidence. But the cynic, knowing full well that most of us sell a car simply because we fancy a change, smells a rat! In particular, beware the unspecified 'Genuine Reason for Sale'. A shot crankshaft can be a very genuine reason for selling!

Finances Force Sale — Self evident. The damn thing's driven him to the very edge of insolvency.

Marriage Forces Sale — New wife wouldn't be seen dead in such a wreck.

Company Car Forces Sale — This appears innocuous until we remember that the company will be paying all the running costs of the extra car. The only possible explanation is that, having driven a new car for the first time, our advertiser has belatedly learnt about things like performance, comfort, fuel-economy and reliability. So don't expect any of those from the old one.

Re-advertised Due to Time-waster(s) — Whoever viewed it last time recognised it as over-priced rubbish, and didn't buy.

Sale Due to Bereavement — Sad one, this. The late owner saw the estimate for necessary repair-work, and suffered a stroke.

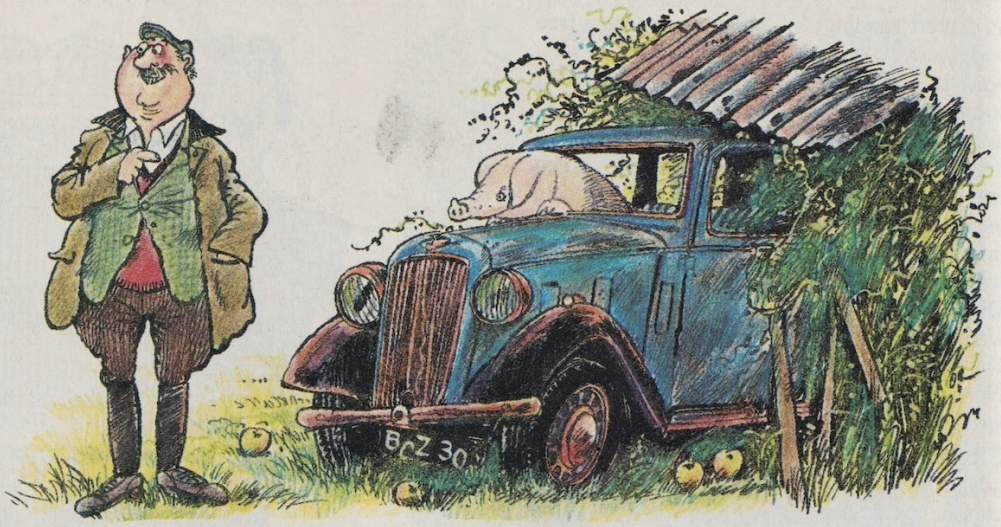
FINALLY, THE PRICE

It's absolutely vital to realize that the price of a car has nothing to do with the car, its condition or even its value. Price is, in fact, fixed by the basic law of supply and demand. If you are supplying (ie selling) the item is worthless, whereas if you're demanding (buying) it's priceless. Once understood, this fundamental rule of the market-place explains why the car that the dealer could only give you £100 for ('Can't shift 'em, John, that's the truth.') is now in his showroom at £1,000. As far as the classified advert is concerned, where a price is stated, no further comment is needed here. It'll make even the novice fall about laughing. The problems arise when *no* price is mentioned. It can be an exceedingly unpleasant experience to answer an ad reading 'Reasonable Offers' with what one believes *is* a reasonable offer, only to have the advertiser make unfounded allegations about one's parentage and personal habits prior to hanging up. To guard against this kind of episode, the following responses should be made.

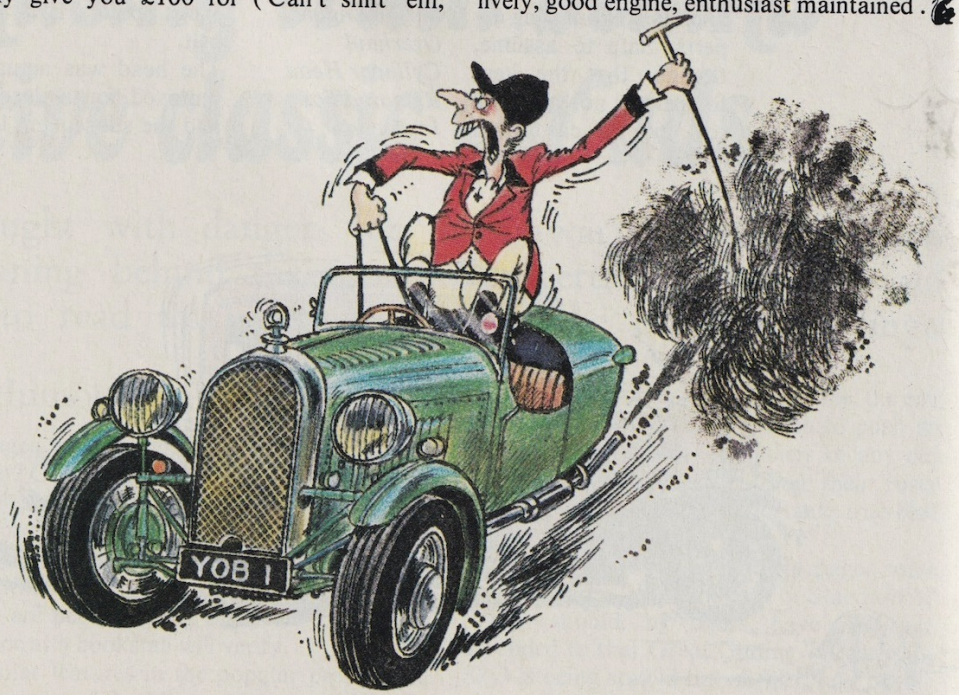
Offers — Think of a telephone number.

Sensible Offers — Think of a telephone number then double it.

I'm confident that this guide, followed carefully, will help the inexperienced buyer to avoid the worst pit-falls inherent in choosing an older car through classified advertisements. It must be stressed, though, that the vast majority of advertisers have no intention whatsoever of misrepresenting the vehicle that they're offering. In fact, I myself am about to part with a 1964 Humber, lively, good engine, enthusiast maintained.



'Stored for X years' but where?



The 'Previous titled owner' could have been a Hooray Henry.

TERRIFIC DOUBLE JIGSAW OFFER

Here are two girls who will go to pieces when you touch them. Sexy Lesley and Lynda, our two beautiful jigsaw girls, are just waiting to be reassembled. These two hand-cut wooden jigsaws measure 11½ by 8½ inches, and if you're wondering which you would prefer, there's no problem – both will be sent to you, discreetly packaged, for just £4.99.

Please send me..... set(s) of the two *Mayfair* jigsaws. I enclose a cheque/Postal Order for £..... made payable to *Mayfair* Jigsaw Offer.

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M202

Reviews

SCENE

On page 20, we feature the stunning figure of Kim Gould who could probably be labelled 'The Girl You've Most Asked to See in Person.' For Kim runs her own thriving kissogram business from her cottage in Shrewsbury, with her sister, Dawn. For a fee between £20 and £35, depending on where you are, the two girls will turn up dressed in their sexy basques, stockings and suspenders, and smother you with kisses. Ever since they placed their first ad in the *Shropshire Star*, they have been incredibly busy with calls, as many as eight a day. Of course, the girls don't work outside the Shropshire area, but non-Salopians need not miss out on the sight of the two sisters in their kissogram gear. The picture (below) of the two girls was taken by their father in their bedroom at home. With outfits like those, that's one business that shouldn't go bust.

This month we also take a look at the fascinating sport of ballooning which is gaining in popularity every year. The pilots always have a retrieve car following them to help pack up the balloon, and take it away. But we doubt if any modern balloonists have ever run into the same trouble that one of the pioneers of this style of air transport experienced. At the latter end of the eighteenth century, physicist Professor Charles, a Frenchman, used hydrogen to inflate a rubber-coated balloon. He had no problem ascending over Paris, but the wind took him out of the town, and when he eventually landed he was attacked by superstitious peasants. They sound rather like the porters at Heathrow Airport! *The Mood's a Balloon* starts on page 76.

Kim Gould (left) and her sister, Dawn, in their kissogram outfits.

The *Girl You've Asked to See* is top model, Jane Warner. Jane has appeared on *Page Three*, in the *Daily Star* and the *Mirror*, but these days she is turning her attention increasingly to acting. Her work has ranged from TV commercials to reciting Tennyson at the Brighton Drama Festival. Soon we may even be able to see her every week on national television. She is on the short list to become one of Jimmy Tarbuck's hostesses on Yorkshire TV's *Winner Takes All*, starting in the spring. We hope she gets the part. In the meantime, there are no prizes for spotting her in the set starting on page 12.

With the success of board games like 'Trivial Pursuits', it is becoming as impressive to be a mine of useless information as a fount of more traditional knowledge. One of the finest collections of trivia we have encountered is *The Ultimate Irrelevant Encyclopaedia* by Bill Hartson and Jill Dawson (published by George Allen and Unwin priced £8.95). Its fascinating facts are carefully listed in alphabetical order under headings, so that as you can discover the most unimportant information about the subject you choose. Quite naturally, we were attracted to the entry headed 'Breasts', and quote their carefully collated data. 'The mammary glands of the female. Marie Antoinette had the same bust measurement as Jayne Mansfield. Jane Russell's bosom, however, so impressed Howard Hughes that he wrote four pages of notes on the subject. He was working on the problem of designing a cantilever support structure for it. A Victorian recipe for breast enlargement recommended bathing in 20lbs of strawberries. Even if that failed in its object of adding to the size, it might enhance the flavour.' And while we are on the subject, the encyclopaedia also provides another useful snippet under the heading of 'crockery'. Apparently Marie Antionette commissioned the Sèvres porcelain factory to model a vase from her left breast. The clay used for the fitting was warmed especially beforehand. If the boob was the same size as one of Jayne Mansfield's, the finished product could replace the FA Cup.

When you read *Mayfair* travel editor Ian Marlowe's articles on holiday venues as varied as Mexico and Kenya, it's easy to imagine that he is never bedevilled by the problems we amateur travellers suffer. But you'd be wrong, as proved by a winter coach journey he undertook between Bristol and a friend's house in Staithes, a fishing village on the Cleveland coast. On the M1, outside Nottingham, the coach emitted an ominous crack, caused by a collapsed back axle, stranding Ian and the other passengers on the hard shoulder. Picked up and ferried to the nearest town, he boarded a second coach. This sped up to Doncaster then lost top gear, so continued up the motorway at a frustrating 45mph. Needless to say, he arrived in Middlesbrough over an hour late, to be met by his disgruntled friend, Alex Lester, who was going to drive the last thirty miles across the North Yorkshire Moors. Alex is the mid-morning presenter on Radio Tees, so not surprisingly the car was festooned with the station's logo. That didn't bother Ian. All he wanted was a fast car to Staithes in time for a much needed libation. But it was not to be. Half way across the frozen moors, the Radio Tees Escort started clanking, and then . . . it too ground to a halt. Calling the AA from the car phone, the much decorated car with its exhausted occupant was towed ignominiously back to town. Now desperate, Ian and Alex decided to borrow the newsroom's Fiesta for the journey, eventually arriving at 2am, 18 hours after he set out. 'I could have gone to Dallas and back in that time,' he laughed, recalling the unfortunate journey, 'I must be the only man to suffer coach lag.'

We were greatly entertained by a true story that came in from a reader in the Shetland Isles. It concerns British-born supporting actor Wallace Ford who died in 1966. All his life was spent playing relatively minor roles, the 'character parts' that make films great, but never make stars. So when he died, he decided to get his own back. His epitaph read, 'Wallace Ford (1897-1966): At last I get top billing.' Sadly however he was wrong. Soon after his death, some wit had written immediately above his name, 'Clark Gable, Myrna Loy, supported by . . .' Some people don't get their reward even in heaven.

FILMS

Gerald Cole

*****A Classic, ****Excellent, ***Good, **Average, *Boring ♡♡♡♡♡An Erotic Classic, ♡♡♡♡Highly Arousing, ♡♡♡Titillating, ♡♡Limp, ♡No discernable sex content

** ♡♡♡♡ **Bolero** (18), 1 hr 44 mins. Having just daubed the naked body of Bo Derek from nipple to navel with milk and honey, and now in the process of licking it all off (moving in a southerly direction) one might be forgiven for over-excitement. What seems unforgiveable, however, is actually falling asleep on the job. But that is what happens to the wimpish, Oxford-educated sheik Ms Derek chooses to relieve her of her virginity in his Saharan tent. A rich 1920's heiress in determined search of 'ecstasy', she has only marginally better luck with a Spanish bullfighter (Andrea Occhipinti) who deigns to romp nudely with her only after a good night's sleep and a warm bath. But no sooner has he introduced her to the missionary position then he's gored in the groin by a bull, and Ms Derek spends the rest of the film trying to raise his enthusiasm again by such things as horse riding in the nude. Unsurprisingly she succeeds, and the couple nakedly resume the missionary position under a scarlet sign reading 'ecstasy', to make things crystal clear. All very daft, and a must for admirers of Ms Derek's physique (chiefly seen from the tummy up) but her squeaky-clean, all-good-fun attitude to sex might disappoint connoisseurs.

****♡♡ **Ghostbusters** (PG), 1 hr 45 mins. Writhing lasciviously on her bed, New York musician Dana Barrett (Sigourney Weaver), currently possessed by an obscure Sumerian devil, tells randy parapsychologist Peter Venkman (Bill Murray), 'I want you inside me!' 'I think,' he says after reflection, 'there's enough people in there already.' Spooks are invading New York: Ms Weaver has devils in her fridge, a luminous green blob gobbles food in a plush hotel, ectoplasm oozes in the New York public library: all of which augurs the arrival of an ancient devil-god in the form of a 100-foot high marshmallow man stomping down Broadway. Only three inept and discredited parapsychologists (Dan Aykroyd, Harold Ramis and Murray) can avert the Apocalypse. Fast, furious, original and very funny – with an array of special effects which manage to be as hilarious as they are spectacular.

♡♡ **Water (15), 1 hr 40 mins. An oil test well spouts mineral water on the otherwise worthless island of Cascara, a British dependency in the Caribbean. Governor Thwaites (Michael Caine) fends off the British government, American multi-nationals, the SAS, French mercenaries and a guitar-playing local rebel (Billy Connolly) to win justice for the islanders. Undemanding comic fare but with enough sharp and topical wit to surprise you.

***♡♡ **Beverly Hills Cop** (18), 1 hr 45 mins. Rising black superstar Eddie (*48Hrs, Trading Places*) Murphy enjoys himself immensely plodding in sneakers and scruffy jeans through some of Los Angeles' most prestigious venues as an anarchic Detroit detective in search of a white friend's murderer. Violent, hectic and very funny.

***♡♡ **A Private Function** (15), 1 hr 34 mins. Piggery-jokery during the drear, food-rationing days of 1947, in a small northern town where humble chiropodist Gilbert Chivers (Michael Palin) dreams only of acquiring his own shop in the town's prestigious 'parade'. It is a plan constantly thwarted by the petty-minded triumvirate who run the town. But when Gilbert discovers that his highly respected tormentors are secretly rearing an unlicensed pig (pork being in constant demand on the black market) he decides it's time to take Fate by the snout. Playwright Alan Bennett's screenplay is wickedly comic, well-observed and very English.

***♡ **Stop Making Sense**, 1 hr 28 mins. A remarkably straight presentation of a concert by the American group, Talking Heads (*Psycho Killer, Burning Down the House*). Few shots of the audience, superb digital recording, and the music and the bizarre, spastic stage movements of the group's leader and lead vocalist David Byrne. Essential for fans.

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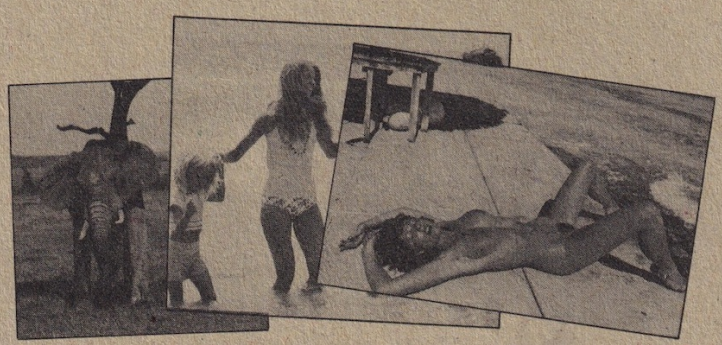

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EATING OUT

Brian O'Hanlon

A recent overseas trip I was due to take was cancelled at the last minute. Faced with what amounted to three weeks holiday at home, I took to the Cotswolds on my horse, and afterwards sought out some old and some new restaurants, in and out of London.

Praise be to **Pollyanna's** (*2, Battersea Rise, London SW11.* Tel: 01-228 0316) the sort of entrepreneurial English restaurant the English themselves do so well. It isn't cheap, but it isn't trendy or pretentious, either. Bare boards, wooden tables, check cloths, baskets of flowers everywhere, split levels, with a most innovative menu and wine list. Norman Price and his fellow directors promote regional food and wine weeks, beginning with Bordeaux in February, a Champagne June, and Rhone last December.

The wine card makes a bull market of *Ch Gruaud Larose*, a walnutty Cabernet Sauvignon of autumn leaves kindling on one's taste buds. The 1961, at £64 a bottle, the '74 available at a modest £14.30, and all levels of pricing available in between.

Chilled beetroot and sour cream soup – *borscht* – as a £1.50 starter; venison marinated in red wine, with redcurrant and game sauce, garnished with bananas (£6.60); my partner appreciated her smoked salmon and red mullet terrine with a musseline (watercress) sauce (£2.85) which our waitress said was 'sublime' – and we enjoyed a half bottle of 1983 Chablis (£4.25), and a *ler Cru Beaune* (Santeney Gravieres) costing £13.95.

Pollyanna's desserts are on a separate sheet of stiffboard, and average £1.90. After the *borscht*, the venison and the Beaune it would clearly have been *lèse majesté* to go out on anything less than Russian cheesecake topped with sour cream. It lost £42 for two, money exceptionally well spent. However, you don't *have* to go potty – house wine is only £4.95 a bottle!

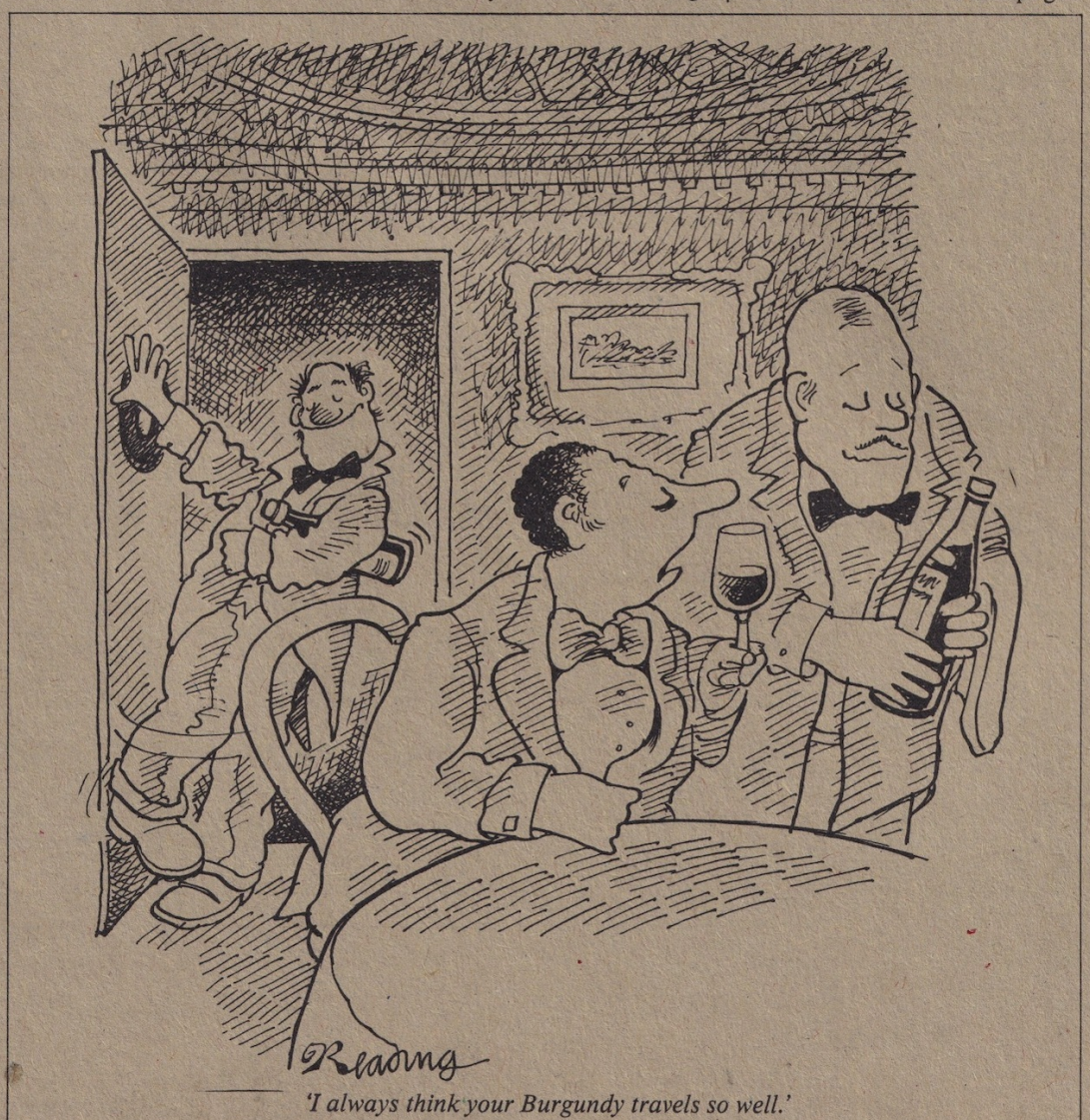
To Brighton to dine out with Deirdre, who wanted to talk about the British leaving Hong Kong. We had a splendid evening at the **Tureen** (*31, Upper North Street, Brighton*, Tel: 28939) which is as neat as a new pin, small sized, and again English and enterprising in its French-type menu and back up. Our two main courses were £7.50 each; our starters, £1.95 apiece. Vegetables came to £3.30 for two, two desserts, £4. Food costs £26, but one cannot survive by exquisite sliced roast duckling in cider alone. I was therefore forced to investigate the magic of the Loire in the taste of Muscadet (£3.30 a demi) and a decent Mouton Cadet, priced £7.95.

The ambience is such that after this highly customised menu the offer of two Champagne brandies at £3.30 each is not refused – but then neither were the daiquiris at £1.95 a glass. Costly but memorable. There's a ten per cent service. Do ring and book. They are nearly always full if you turn up on spec.

No hangover can withstand the onslaught of a good curry. A friend and I took lunch at the **Kyber Pass** (*21, Bute Street, London SW7.* – Tel: 01-589 7311). Mashud Khan's popular restaurant near the tube station there for the past 22 years. Tiny, compact, always busy; instantly reassuring, and very good indeed. The mutton *tikka* was excellent – an enticing starter, not filling, served with sizzling onions and juices in the traditional *kahari*, priced £1.60. Next, the main event, the chicken *vindaloo*, the strongest of all curries. One that brought the entire staff out in wonderment to see an Englishman eat it on a bed of vegetable pulao (£1.70) with some fresh *bhindi* (*okra*, 'Ladies Fingers') a further £1.50, and lime pickle. All that and the water pitcher. I broke out into a sweat after the fourth mouthful; everyone beamed. I finished it all up, best behaviour prep school fashion. That, and two pitchers of water. 'Oh, 'twas in India's sunny clime where I first did spend me time . . .' I trilled, as I pressed *baksheesh* into the waiter's hand upon leaving. Another well satisfied customer.

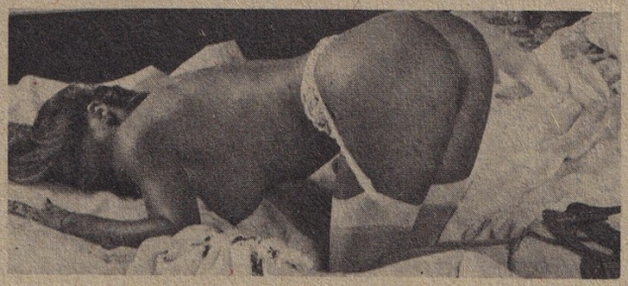
John Jerez has left *Crawford's* in the street of that name, London W1, to open up his own place around the corner in Thayer Street at No 18 (Tel: 01-935 2302) – **Danny's**, named after his small son. John and family are Spaniards who have lived in England for many years, and long associated with the proprietorship of *The Barcelona* Spanish restaurant in Beak Street. *Danny's* is a wine bar restaurant – not Spanish, although Iberian wine and food feature alongside the rest – a big sprawling basement covering the width of three houses, open five and a half days (not Sat lunch or Sundays) with a 5.30-7.30pm 'happy hour' when all cocktails are reduced to £1.50. There's a snack menu, the main one is crammed with things like cold poached salmon and salad (£5.50), sole caprice (£4.50), complimented by a full wine list, beginning with house wine at £3.90, and ending with Dow's '70 at £2.40 per measure.

A very satisfying month indeed!



'I always think your Burgundy travels so well.'

WE OFFER A GREAT DEAL



Fabulous Fiona Brown (Vol 15 No 5) is just one of the nude delights who are awaiting you in our five issue bargain offer. For £2.75 enjoy Vol 14 No 11, Vol 15 Nos 4, 5 and 10, and Vol 16 No 1.

Other back numbers available include:

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WINE

Charles Fforde

In the last 12 years the number of wine drinkers in the UK has risen from 13,000,000 to 25,000,000 with a 65-35 per cent preference for white over red. Something of a bonus for the rapidly growing English wine industry whose 1983 harvest was the best since the re-establishment of English vineyards after World War II.

The renaissance of English wine owes much to the efforts of Surrey research chemist Ray Barrington Brock who, in 1946, set out to discover which of 2,000 plus wine-grape varieties would prosper in the hardy English climate. That, along with Edward Hyam's book, *The Grape Vine In England* published in 1949, and Major-General Sir Guy Salisbury-Jones' planting of his Hambledon vineyard in 1952 aided by wine chemist, Anton Massel, who made the first English wine for over 25 years, set in motion the revival.

English wine must not be confused with *British wine* – imported grapes or juice essence made here – or *fruit* or *made* wines such as elderberry. It is made solely from the grapes growing in our native soil at a surprising 230 commercial vineyards. They then get together at the annual English Wine Festival, held at the English Wine Centre.

An amusing *cause celebre* occurred in 1983 when David Carr-Taylor went to the Paris Agricultural Show with wine from his 21-acre Westfield (Sussex) vineyard. The French could not believe his temerity until they approached, swirled, sniffed, and tasted, finding the Alsatian-like taste of English white wine a perfect complement for their lighter, health-conscious *cuisine nouvelle.*

Most English *vignerons* play safe by planting well tried grapes like *Müller-Thurgau, Seyval Blanc, Reichensteiner, Madeleine Angevine, Huxelrebe, Ortega,* and *Schönburger* – all on American phylloxera-resistant root stock. The hallmark of good English white wine is its mouth-cleansing crispy quality, especially if served well chilled. Red wine does not really have much of a chance in our climate due to lack of sun. October is vital for sugar development and harvesting. Late frost in Spring is harmful to young vines, and Autumnal rains encourage mildew. Karl-Heinz Johner, cellar master of the 40,000-acre Lamberhurst vineyard (which filled 350,000 bottles last Spring) recommends drinking English wine before it is three years old. 'After bottling it improves for a year; it may stay all right for another, then it begins to lose its freshness.'

Government taxation of 79p duty, plus 15 per cent VAT on a 70 cl bottle is the English wine industry's bugbear. A higher rate of taxation than wine imported from the continent and elsewhere. The EVA (English Vineyards Association) say you need a weather-protected plot of land facing south, if you are thinking of going into the wine growing business. And patience, it will be up to five years before you pour your first glass. As a hobby you would expect one bottle a day from the plantation of 180 vines – duty free of course!

When fruit has a struggle to grow it often has more delicacy and flavour. 'Grapes ripen slowly in our cool climate,' says David Carr-Taylor of the Westfield estate. 'That is a condition that has always produced wine with the bouquet and flavour wine lovers seek. If we persevere, as roots go deeper, and vines learn to live at one with our soils, I can see English wine holding its own with the world's greatest vintages.'

Tours and tastings are arranged at the English Wine Centre's cellars between May and September, and are worth looking forward to. They last 90 minutes, leave daily at 2.30 pm, and cost £1.45. Book tours, including a talk on English wine and tasting, can be taken all year. The centre offers six mixed bottles of English wine for £29.75 (VAT incl), and puts on periodic five course dinners in their candlelit cellars. Retailing prices in normal commercial outlets (restaurants, of course, are anything up to 75 per cent dearer) range from £3.40 for a *Chickering 1980 Rivaner* to £4.95 for a *Cuckmere,* which I can personally recommend.

Further information from The English Wine Centre, *Alfriston, East Sussex, tel: 0323-870532.* Prices quoted at time of writing are subject to change.

Special Features

George Joseph Smith was a good-looking, ill-educated man who inspired instant reactions in the women he met. Some despised him, others were captivated by his hypnotic charm. He bigamously married and killed three. They were the famous 'Brides in the Bath' . . .

The bathtub murderer: the villainous George Joseph Smith

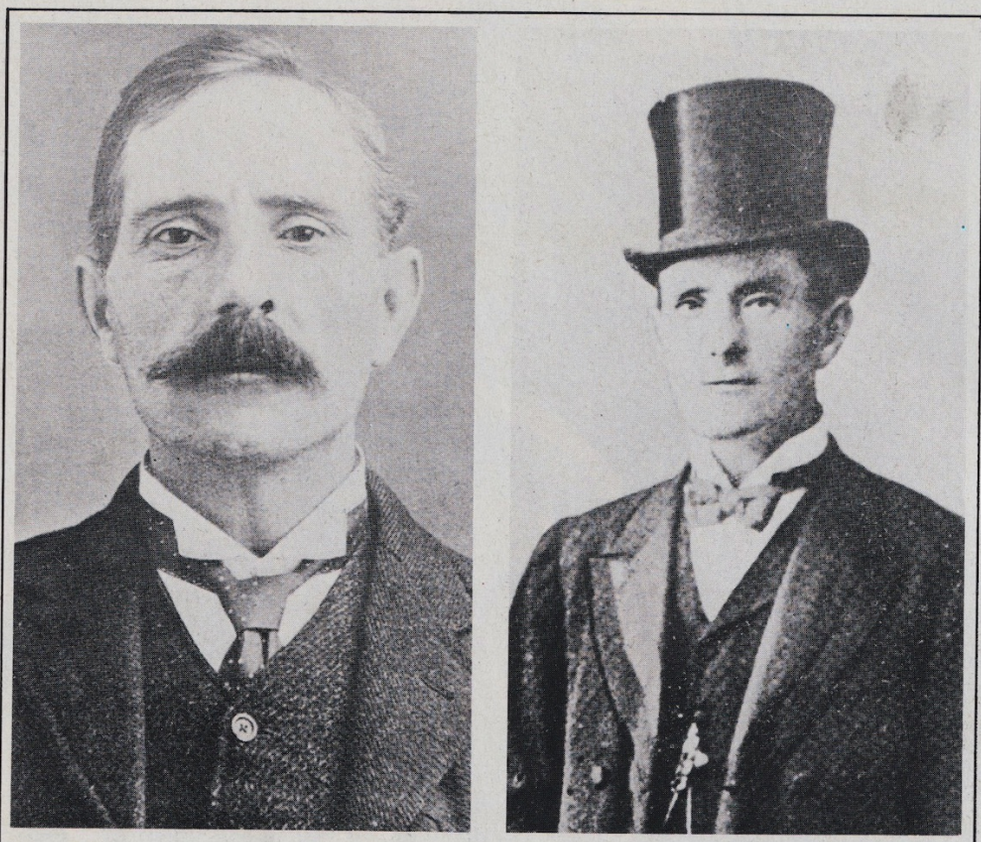
By Gerald Rawling

ILLUSTRATION BY FRED GAMBINO

It was on the morning of July 16, 1912 as Miss Esther Rapley sat in her office in Herne Bay occupied with the business of letting houses for her employer, that the door opened, and a man walked in showing every sign of distress. She sighed inwardly, for she recognised him instantly as Mr Williams, one of her employer's tenants, whom she disliked from their first acquaintance. To her considerable astonishment and embarrassment, Mr Williams marched up to her tall desk, lowered his head onto it, and burst into tears. Miss Rapley asked if anything was wrong. He looked up with tears streaming down his face and said, 'Have you not heard? She is dead.' Not unnaturally, Miss Rapley enquired who? 'My wife,' was the reply. 'She had a fit during the week. I went out. She went to have a bath, and she must have had another fit, for when I came back I found her dead in the bath.'

Miss Rapley was so shocked that she could only sit there speechless, looking at him – and what happened next did nothing to help in regaining her composure. After a few moments he raised his head, and said in a more cheerful tone, 'Was it not a jolly good job I got her to make her will?' Miss Rapley's failure to reply appeared to irritate Mr Williams, and he said, 'Well, is it not the correct thing when people marry for the wife to make her will, and leave everything to her husband, and her husband to make his will, and leave everything to his wife?' By now Miss Rapley, an astute woman, had regained the power of speech. 'Did you make yours?' she enquired, and Mr Williams agreed that he had. Then Miss Rapley, remembering a previous conversation, gave him a very straight look, and said, 'I thought you told me you had not got anything.' 'Oh, well,' was the rather feeble reply, 'I made my will anyway.' After this extraordinary exchange Williams left the office to sell the bath back to the ironmonger from whom he had bought it, and then to attend his wife's funeral. This was a fairly typical morning in the life of one of the most avaricious murderers of all time – better known as George Joseph Smith.

The murderer, Smith, was in a class of his own. Nigel Balchin, in his book, *The Anatomy of Villainy* (Collins 1950) points out that even amongst the most sordid murderers there is usually *some* redeeming



Left: Smith, pictured in Brixton Prison. Right: Ill-educated, Smith, liked gentlemanly clothes.

feature. Crippen may have murdered his wife, but was genuinely fond of his mistress. Bywaters may have murdered Percy Thompson, but he gallantly tried to protect Edith Thompson who was facing the same charge. And even Charlie Peace was fond of playing the violin. But Smith seemed to lack any virtue. Unless you regard a person who murders his 'wife', and then claims not only the insurance money but half commission on the sale of the policy as a shrewd businessman.

He was born in Bethnal Green on January 11, 1872, the son of an insurance agent – a fact which no doubt gave hime some rudimentary knowledge of life policies which would come in useful later. His criminal tendencies appeared early, for at the tender age of nine he was sent to a reform school. Reformation achieved there seems to have been minimal, for on leaving he began to pile up a substantial criminal record with terms of imprisonment for larceny and receiving.

He grew up to be a tall, muscular, well built man – certainly nearer good-looking than plain – addicted to smart, gentlemanly clothing, particularly morning dress. Although he was ill-educated and semi-literate, he was able to pass himself off as a gentleman of independent means when giving his occupation. According to his own testimony, he had done military service, which might seem unlikely, but he had the erect bearing and clean-looking image of a military man. The cleanliness must have been less than skin-deep, however, for at his trial, one lady acquaintance said that he had only taken one bath in all the years she had known him.

In January, 1898, he married for the first and only lawful time, Caroline Beatrice Thornhill, and, even then, he gave a false name, George Oliver Love. 'Mrs Love' had a miserable time of it – he forced her to assist him in his criminal enterprises – and she was glad to escape from him by going to Canada while he was serving two years with hard labour for receiving (his fourth prison sentence). Even as early as that he had twice married bigamously, and fleeced both ladies of whatever savings they possessed, subsequently departing, leaving behind a note saying that he would be back shortly. His method never varied. Having obtained all his 'wife's' available cash, he would take his new bride on an outing to some public place which charged no entrance fee, the National Gallery and White City for example. There he would make an excuse to go to their lodgings, and decamp with all the lady's belongings, leaving her with only the clothes she was wearing.

At this stage Smith met the only woman to whom he was not inhumanly cruel. Always drifting around the country, he set up a junk shop business in Bristol, and recruited a Miss Edith Mabel Pegler to act as his housekeeper. She soon fell under his spell. She had nothing to offer in the way of cash, but Smith, perhaps considering it cheaper to have her as his wife rather than pay her a wage, went through the familiar form of marriage, this time using his own name. Unaccountably, he never deserted the long suffering and faithful Edith Pegler, and, apart from an occasional thrashing, seems to have done her no harm. Every so often he would tell Miss Pegler that he was off 'to do some dealing', and would disappear for months on end. On one of these jaunts he celebrated his fifth bigamous marriage to a Miss F. He cleared over £300 on that deal, and brought the wedding trousseau back for Pegler, saying he had done a deal in second hand ladies' clothing.

His next foray was to prove a turning point for, somewhere in the neighbourhood of Clifton, Bristol, he encountered Miss Beatrice (Bessie) Constance Annie Mundy. She was 33, the daughter of a deceased bank manager, and he was delighted to learn that she had inherited a small fortune of £2,500. She was a simple girl, and he soon swept her off her feet. They were engaged within three days, and he took her to Weymouth where they were married on August 26, 1910, he using the name Henry Williams. The familiar routine followed, but Smith found to his disgust that the £2,500 was held in trust, and she only received the income. He did ascertain, however, that there was £138 accumulated income held by the trustees as a reserve for emergencies, and he took energetic steps to get his hands on that. Once these funds were received, Miss Mundy had served her purpose, and he disappeared taking all her money and most of her clothing. He added a variation to the normal pattern by leaving her a letter accusing her of giving him venereal disease, a seemingly pointless falsehood.

Smith returned to the faithful Pegler, and they continued their wanderings, finishing up running an antique shop in Brislington. From there Smith got itchy feet again, and left on another of his 'dealing' trips. Chance took him to Weston-super-Mare – he always had a penchant for seaside resorts – and, standing on the sea-front in top hat and frock coat, who should be run into but Bessie Mundy, or Bessie Williams as she fondly supposed. Notwithstanding his heartless treatment of her, reconciliation was immediate. They travelled to Herne Bay where they rented a house despite the misgivings of the owner's agent, Miss Rapley, who like a number of other people in this story, sensed immediately that there was something wrong.

By now Smith had made his elaborate plans for getting his hands on Miss Mundy's capital. Counsel's opinion was sought, and it seemed that a simple exchange of wills in each other's favour would serve his purpose, and the funds would come to him at her death. Counsel's opinion was Miss Mundy's death warrant, for Smith was now bent on murder. He had to move quickly for there was always the danger that the trustees might sell the assets in the trust, and buy Miss Mundy an annuity in which case her inheritance would die with her. Events moved rapidly. He bought a cheap iron bath for £1 17s 6d, having knocked the price down by half a crown, and installed it in the house. In fact, he never even paid for it, returning it a few days later when it had served its purpose. His next step was to take poor Bessie round to a local GP, Dr French, explaining that she had suffered a fit, which Miss Mundy obviously knew nothing about but placidly accepted as the truth. A mild sedative was prescribed. Next day the doctor was called again to see the lady in bed, and prescribed more bromide. In the meantime she had executed a will in his favour, and that night, obviously at Smith's dictation, she wrote to her uncle, giving a history of her 'fits', saying that her loving husband was very attentive and getting her the best

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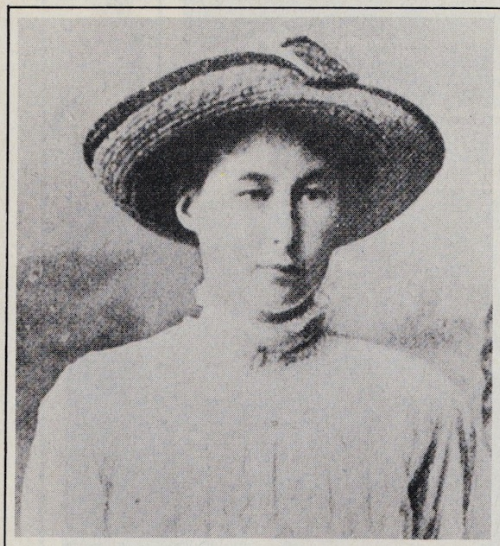

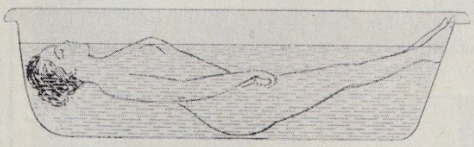

Smith's three victims: From left: Beatrice Munday, his first victim, and below it a diagram of the bath in which she died. Alice Burnham (centre) and the Blackpool bath-tub where she was murdered. Above: Smith's last victim, Margaret Lofty. Although Smith changed names, details of how Miss Lofty died alerted relatives of his other victims

The bath-tub murders

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possible medical care. Early next morning – it was a Saturday – she either took, or more probably was persuaded to take, a bath, and at 8 am Dr French received a note saying, 'Can you come at once? I am afraid my wife is dead.' Hurrying round he found 'Mrs Williams' lying on her back in the bath with her mouth and nostrils under water. She was pulled out, and artificial respiration was attempted without success; she was dead. Smith wired her relatives, an uncle and a brother, a terse message, simply saying, 'Bessie died in a fit this morning; letter following.' He made no mention of the inquest which was held on Monday, nor of the funeral which took place next day. In death Bessie Mundy was not even granted the privilege of a private grave which might have cost a couple of pounds. She was planted in a common grave at a cost of eight shillings and sixpence, the interment fee.

Some £2,500 the richer, Smith went on to Margate where he summoned the faithful Pegler. They lived together for over a year in various towns until the restless tiger in Smith became active again, and off he went once more, this time to Southsea. There he located his next dupe, apparently at a local chapel meeting. She was Alice Burnham, a private nurse, a big-breasted, healthy young girl of 25. As usual the courtship was brief, and they were engaged within a few days. Anxious to parade her fiancé before the family, Alice then arranged a visit to her parents' home in Aston Clinton. The experiment was less than successful, and Smith made a distinctly poor impression on his future father-in-law. Mr Burnham indeed, went on record later to the effect that he could not sleep while Smith was in the house, describing him as 'of very evil appearance', and saying that 'he feared Smith was a bad man, and that something serious would happen.' It got to a point where he asked his own daughter if she would leave the house. This chilling reception by her father in no way influenced Alice who went cheerfully back to Southsea with Smith where they were married. Just for a change he used his own name. Miss Burnham's means were small. She had around £27 in a savings bank, £100 which she had lent her father, and £10 owing from her sister. The Post Office money was speedily withdrawn, and served to cover the first premium on a life policy for £500 which Smith had persuaded her to take out. Then he turned his energies to the recovery of his wife's family loans. The sister paid up, but Mr Burnham, always suspicious of Smith, jibbed at the idea. He asked, not unreasonably in the circumstances, for some information about Smith's antecedents and background. By way of reply he received the following masterpiece from his son-in-law:

'In answer to your application regarding my parentage etc. My mother was a buss horse, my father a Cab-driver, my sister a rough-rider over the arctic regions – my brothers were all gallant sailors on a steam-roller . . . Your despised son-in-law, G. Smith.'

Burnham was still reluctant to repay the loan, but Smith persuaded Alice to get solicitors on to him, and eventually he had to pay up. Not surprisingly, the funds went into Smith's bank account. There now remained only the task of getting Alice to execute a will in his favour. This was smoothly accomplished, and the happy couple went off to Blackpool for their honeymoon.

After carefully ensuring that the premises included a bathroom, Smith took rooms in a boarding house run by a Mrs Crossley, another of those people who became instantly suspicious of him. For poor, deluded Alice, there was only one day of honeymoon left. That very day she was whisked round to a local doctor, complaining of vague symptoms – chiefly a headache. And this robust, healthy young woman was a trained nurse! Next evening she asked for a bath, and the Smiths went upstairs together. The bathroom was over the kitchen where Mrs Crossley and her son and daughter-in-law were sitting, and shortly afterwards they observed a large damp spot on the ceiling, and water running down the walls. Presently they heard the front door opening, and Mr Smith came in with some eggs which he handed to Mrs Crossley for tomorrow's breakfast. After chatting to them for about ten minutes – in an agitated manner according to Mrs Crossley – he went upstairs to find his wife dead in the bath. There is no evidence anywhere to suggest that Smith was particularly addicted to drink, but that evening he got through a whole bottle of whisky on his own.

Once again it was a Friday night, and the rapid business of inquest and cheap burial followed without the family's involvement. Mrs Crossley, however, flatly refused to let him spend another night under her roof, and when he finally called to collect his gear she shouted, 'Crippen!' after him as he left. He had given her his forwarding address on a postcard, and she wrote prophetic words on the back, 'Wife died in bath. We shall see him again.'

And so back to the faithful Pegler, and the aimless wanderings to places like Bournemouth and Torquay. In Bournemouth he identified his penultimate victim, a domestic servant named Alice Reavil whom he married as Charles Oliver James, and from whom he stole all savings and every stitch of clothing except what she stood in. In this case, somewhat surprisingly, he reverted to his earlier technique, and deserted her in a public garden, saying he was going to the lavatory. Poor Alice Reavil was left destitute but at least was not invited to take a bath. That was in August, 1914 and he returned to Bristol with Pegler until November when he announced that he had met a 'young fellow', and was off again on

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From the Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tussaud's, George Joseph Smith, having just drowned his last victim, Margaret Lofty. Smith then played 'Nearer My God to Thee' on the harmonium.

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his rounds. The 'fellow' was Margaret Elizabeth Lofty, the 38-year-old daughter of a deceased parson, and, as with Miss Mundy, he met her in Clifton. By now thoroughly practised in his system for murder, Smith broke all his own records for speed.

On December 17 he married her – ironically in Bath – using the name John Lloyd. The next day they travelled to London, Miss Lofty having already taken out a life policy for £700. On arrival 'Mrs Lloyd' went straight round to a solicitor, and executed a will in her husband's favour. Looking for lodgings with a bathroom, they were turned away at the first place because the landlady did not like the look of 'Mr Lloyd', and he refused to supply references. But Miss Blatch, the landlady at 14 Bismarck Road, Highgate was more helpful, and since she had a bathroom, they lodged there. There was just time to fit in the customary visit to the doctor – Miss Lofty actually had a temperature, and seemed half comatose, presumably as a result of something Smith had given her. Medicine was prescribed, and they went home to tea followed by the inevitable bath. 'Mrs Lloyd' went up about 7.30. Miss Blatch was ironing in the kitchen below, and about ten minutes later she heard splashing noises and a sound which she described as like wet hands or arms scraping against the sides of the bath. This was followed by a loud sigh and then there was silence. A few moments later she heard the sound of the harmonium in the sitting room. George Joseph Smith was celebrating his hat trick by playing *'Nearer my God to Thee'*. The next thing she heard was the front door slam, and shortly afterwards Smith knocked for admittance, saying he had forgotten that he had a key, and producing something 'for Mrs Lloyd's supper.' This time it was tomatoes.

The inquest went through smoothly enough, and Smith recruited a solicitor to obtain probate of Miss Lofty's will. But this time he had tried it once too often. He had thought that a simple change of name and location would protect him from discovery, but Mrs Crossley in Blackpool and Charles Burnham (Alice's brother) in Aylesbury both read about the inquest in the papers, and notified their local police of the startling similarity to the manner of death of Alice Burnham.

It took time, but the police mounted a large scale enquiry, interviewing 150 witnesses of whom 112 were later called to give evidence. George Joseph Smith was charged on March 23, 1915 with the murder of all three of his brides. The trial took place at the Old Bailey before Mr Justice Scrutton and commenced on June 22. Mr A H Bodkin led for the Crown with Travers Humphries and Cecil Whitely in support, while the unenviable task of defending Smith fell to Mr E Marshall Hall KC seconded by Mr Montagu Shearman and Mr Gratten Bushe. Although he was tried only on a charge of the wilful murder of Bessie Mundy, the Judge allowed the prosecution to introduce evidence on the other two cases to 'show system' as it is called, since, while taken on its own, the death of Bessie Mundy might have been passed off as an accident. The fact that almost exactly similar 'accidents' occurred on two further occasions, and that Smith benefitted financially in all three cases would have to be taken into account when the jury assessed his guilt or innocence.

Mr Bodkin's opening speech for the Crown was simply a narrative of Smith's life to date, much as set out in this article but at far greater length, and in much more elaborate detail. He closed by listing twelve factors which were common to all three deaths. In each case, he submitted, there was:

1) A simulated marriage.
2) Quick realisation of any funds held by the woman.
3) A will in the prisoner's favour.
4) Property which could only be got at through the woman's death.
5) Unnecessary visits to a doctor.
6) A letter written to the family the night before death extolling the prisoner's kindness.
7) Enquiry about a bathroom.
8) Discovery of the body by the prisoner.
9) The prisoner being the only person in immediate association before death.
10) A bathroom door which was unfastened or unfastenable.
11) An excuse to take the prisoner away from the scene at the time of the tragedy.
12) Immediate disappearance of the prisoner afterwards.

There followed a long string of witnesses – doctors, lawyers, coroners, bank and insurance officials, police officers, relatives of the various deceased, landladies and so on. Alice Reavil told in detail how she had been duped, and there was particularly strong evidence for the prosecution from Miss Rapley and Mrs Crossley. Even 'Mrs Love' was brought over from Canada to testify. But perhaps the most telling evidence came from the forensic experts. Drs Spilsbury and Willcox who completely upset the prisoner's story of epileptic or fainting fits after post mortem examination and study of the baths. Spilsbury indeed, put forward a theory that death could have been caused in each case by the prisoner suddenly gripping the woman under the knees with his left arm lifting them up sharply and then pushing the head down with his right hand to hold it under water. This technique was demonstrated in court when a nurse in a bathing costume was treated in this way. The experiment was almost too successful. Although expecting the attack, and submerged for only a few seconds, the shock of sudden immersion caused her to lose consciousness, and she had to be given artificial respiration.

For the defence, Marshall Hall was pitifully short of ammunition, and he was not helped by the prisoner's conduct in court which consisted of frequent interjections – calling Mrs Crossley a lunatic was one – besides continual hectoring of Bodkin and his witnesses. Smith's nerve had gone by this time and all his bravado evaporated when he saw the evidence piling up against him. One onlooker in court said that his speech and demeanour was like that of a patient only partly under chloroform. His behaviour did little to help his case, and Marshall Hall simply dared not put him on the witness stand, however damning that course may have been. There were no witnesses called for the defence, and all Marshall Hall could

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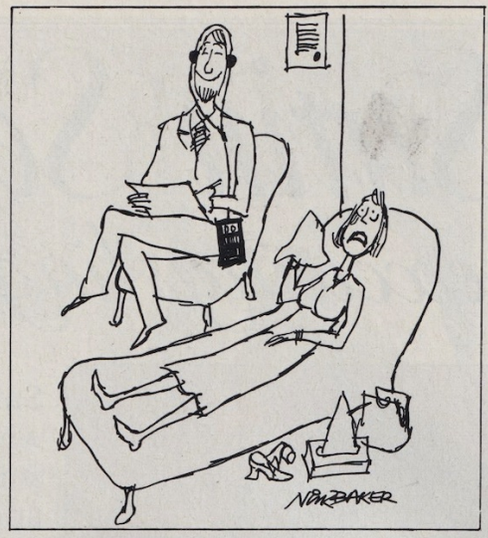
do was to make a speech saying that all the evidence was circumstantial, and, a favourite argument that he had used before, that no one but an inhuman monster could have carried out the callous series of crimes alleged by the prosecution. He did make one telling point inasmuch if Smith really intended to murder Burnham and Lofty he would have been much better off taking out whole life policies than the endowment policies. This is certainly a puzzling factor.

The Judge's summing up was extremely lengthy, punctuated at intervals with interruptions from Smith like, 'You may as well hang me at once the way you are going on.' His best effort came when the Judge, reminding the jury how Bessie Mundy's money had been spent, pointed out that he had bought seven houses in Bristol. 'What about it?' chimed in the prisoner. 'That does not say I done a murder. It is a disgrace to a Christian country, this is. I am not a murderer, though I may be a bit peculiar.'

The verdict was a foregone conclusion, and the jury was only out for a few minutes before pronouncing Smith guilty. When asked if he had anything to say, he was so exhausted physically and mentally that at first he could not speak, and a doctor stood close at hand. He was very pale – almost livid – and a red patch flushed angrily high on his cheek bones. Eventually he gasped, 'I can only say I am not guilty.' Mr Justice Scrutton, in pronouncing the sentence of death, commented that in such cases it was

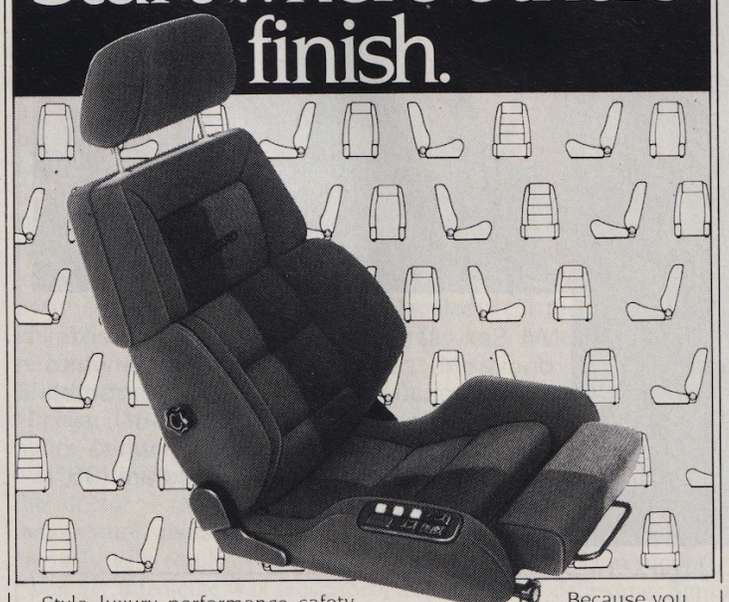


usual to exhort the prisoner to repentance but felt that there was little point on this occasion. His subsequent appeal dismissed, Smith took the eight o'clock walk on August 15, 1915. His last days were spent in a pitiful state of collapse, and almost constant tears; he had to be assisted to the scaffold.

It is fascinating to consider how Smith could inspire instant repulsion in some people yet appeal to women to the extent that they would be prepared to do anything he asked of them – including telling palpable lies to relatives, doctors and insurance companies. There are no lack of theories formulated by people who knew him. Marshall Hall claimed that he possessed hypnotic powers, even going so far as to suggest that he ordered his 'wives' to drown themselves. The Svengali image doesn't really stand up, but if we understand hypnotic power at another level, we might be nearer the truth. It was his sexual attraction that was mesmeric with ladies of a certain type – mainly the middle class. Being an attractive man, and well aware of it, Smith seemed able to pinpoint receptive women. And once found, Smith was more than a mere seducer. He offered his victims marriage, the biggest compliment a man can give. It is easy to imagine, therefore, that a fairly simple-minded lady, of whatever class, who had fallen deeply in love, might agree to all the trivia of writing letters to relatives, drawing money from accounts and lying, just to please him. Even Pegler said, in the witness box, that despite his co-habitation and frequent lengthy absences, she loved him.

There is no doubt whatever that George Joseph Smith manhandled those poor ladies to death in the bathwater. One can imagine, only too vividly, the affectionate husband coming through the bathroom door, leaning tenderly over the naked body of his bride, the last loving caresses, the final passionate kiss and then . . . To take the dispassionate words of Bernard Spilsbury: 'Right hand on head of woman. Left forearm beneath both knees. Left forearm raised suddenly while right hand is pressed on head of woman. Then trunk of body slides down towards foot end of bath, the head being submerged in water.' A clinical account of the murders that have proved so fascinating that they are one of Madame Tussauds' Chamber of Horrors' most 'popular' exhibits.

Start where others finish.



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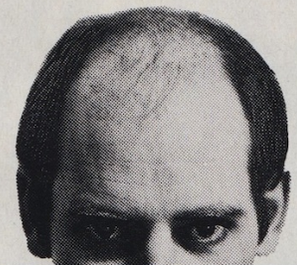

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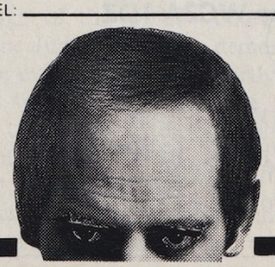

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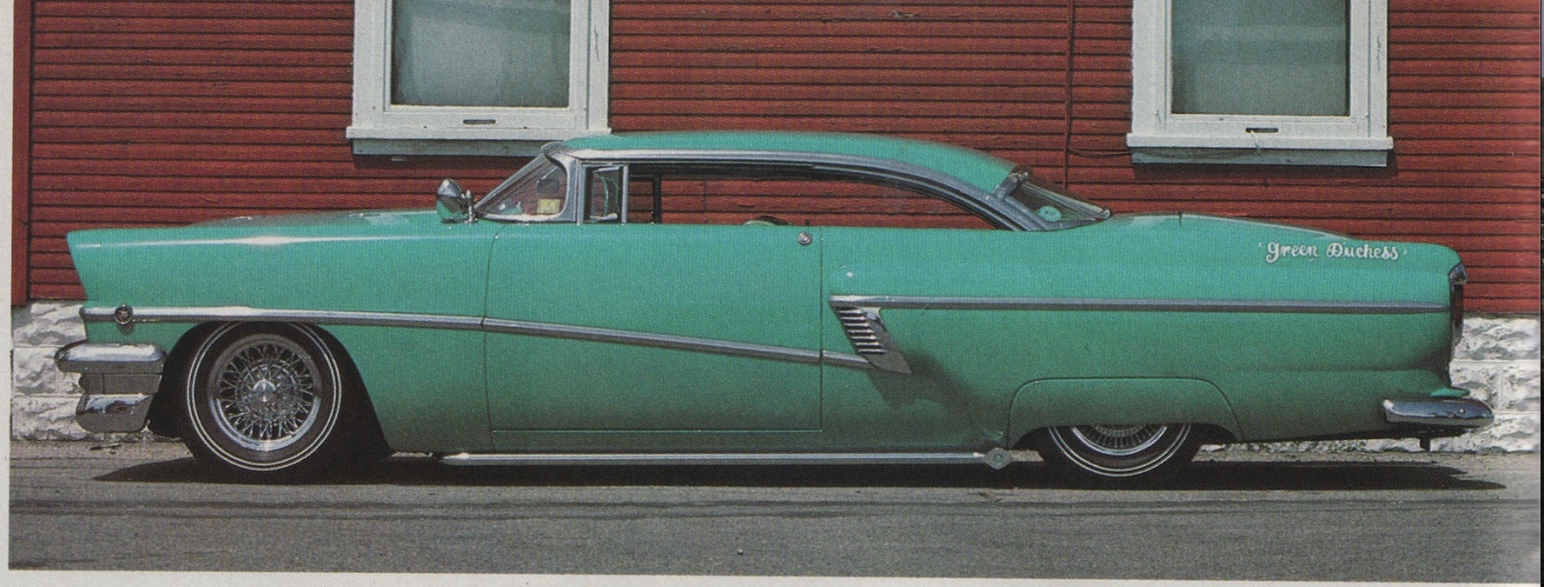
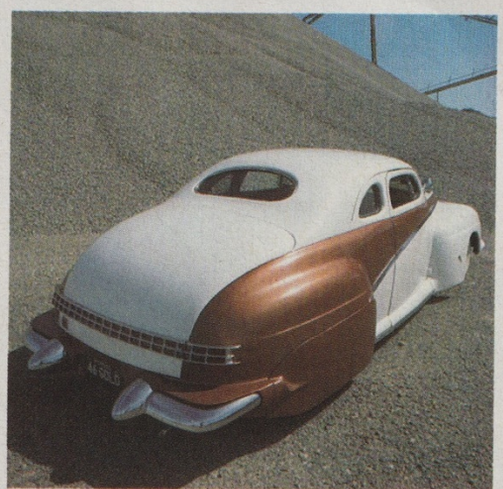




Clockwise from above: A beautifully restored two-door 1946 Ford Coupe. The roof has been lowered by about four and a half inches, and other slight modifications made; a 1950 two-door Mercury which has been lowered so it rides less than an inch above the road surface. It has a V8 Chrysler engine, and is worth around 15,000 dollars; a 1956 Mercury Montclair whose roof has been lowered by four inches, and chassis by six and a half; this customised two-door 1950 Mercury is worth a staggering 40,000 dollars. Its roof has also been lowered, or chopped; a pair of two-door 1950 Mercurys which have been modified and restored by the same enthusiast. These models each have 20 coats of paint, as do many of these cars. The one on the left has a lowered roof.

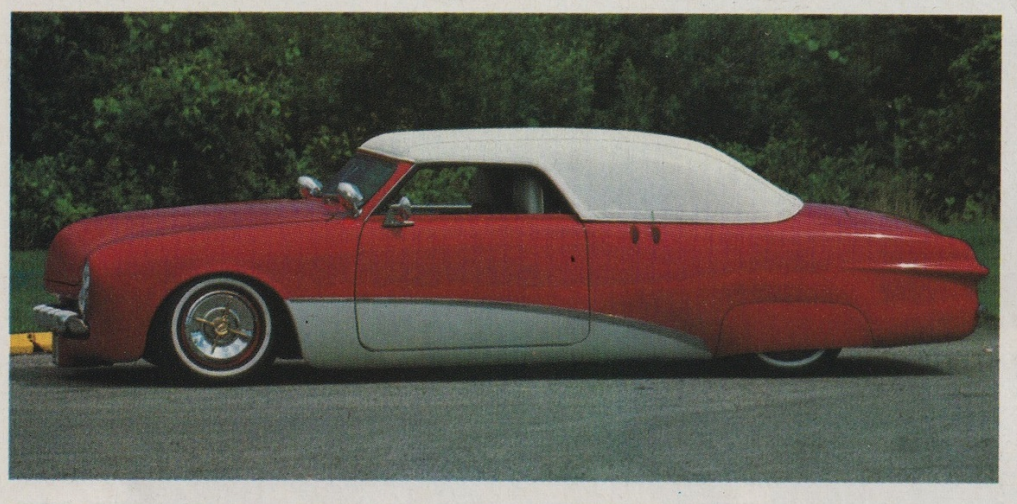
Way back in the sixties American teenagers cruised around in elderly sedans with lowered roofs. This lifestyle was reflected in the film *American Graffiti*. Now these cars are being lovingly restored as part of America's motoring heritage

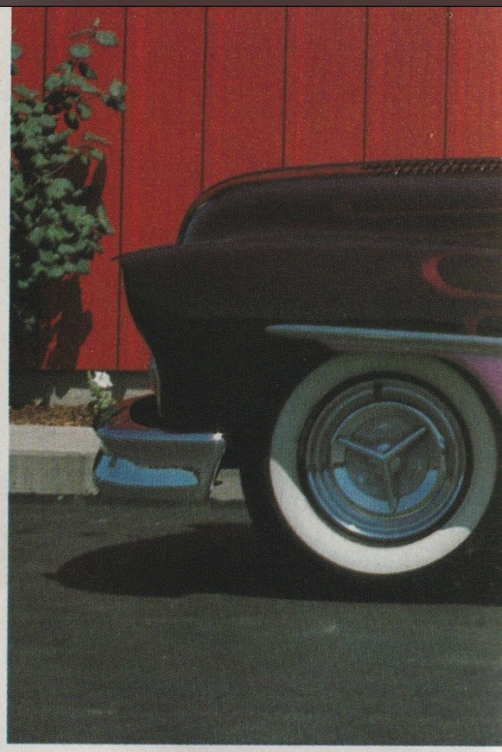
CRUISE THE STREETS WITH AMERICAN GRAFFITI

Photographed by Tony Freitas

In America in the 1950s the automobile was king. The extravagant designs reached their peak with long sleek lines, sharp fins on the wings, and gleaming chromed radiator grilles which looked like grinning mouths as they ate up the highways. In those pre-recession days when petrol cost just a few cents a gallon, and labour and materials were cheap, car designers were free of all economic restrictions. The cars they produced were flamboyant and powerful with a special glamour which is unequalled by the present generation of economy-conscious mass-produced family hatchbacks. With the legal age for driving as low as 14 years in some states, these flashy cars became part of the teenage way of life in America of the '50s and '60s, as reflected in so many hit rock and roll songs from that era. That was the age of cruising. On a Friday night the main street or drag of any American town would be packed with cars full of teenagers just driving up and down, chatting up the girls or flirting with the boys. Then if you were lucky enough to 'score' with a girl you would whisk her off in your car to a drive-in movie. After that you could go to a drive-in hamburger bar where roller-skating waitresses would serve you in the privacy of your own car. Then if you were really lucky it was on to lovers lane to check out the spacious and softly-sprung back seat. Cruising died out in the late-sixties when student unrest and the Vietnam conflict gave American teenagers more pressing problems, but in 1973 the film *American Graffiti* sparked a nostalgia craze which took off on both sides of the Atlantic. Big American cars had always been popular in England to a certain extent, but after this film about the trials and tribulations of a group of teenagers out for a night's cruising achieved cult status, so did the big customised cars. The Chelsea Cruise was born, and custom car fanatics from all over England would meet to cruise slowly down the Kings Road before going to midnight showings of *American Graffiti*. Customising has caught on in England where our own

classic cars are being lovingly restored and modified to take to the roads in forms undreamed of by the original designers. In America, too, the classic Chevvies, Mercurys, Caddys, Fords and Buicks are being rescued from old garages and dumps and being transformed. Original owners of these cars would have difficulty recognising them as the actual shape is altered by lowering the roof up to several inches. The chassis, too, is also often lowered and jacks fitted above each wheel which can raise the car or





Clockwise from right: This 1951 Mercury has been transformed into a delivery van – something which Mercury never actually produced. It has parts from a 1955 Desoto, a 1949 Plymouth and a 1953 Ford, with a V8 Mercury engine; a beautifully customised 1950 Buick Torpedo. These modifications were made 20 years ago by Sam Barris who along with his brother George was one of America's most famous customisers; a 1949 two-door Ford coupe with a V8 Chevrolet engine. This car has 24-carat gold-plated bumpers, and is kept in a high-security garage fitted with alarms and special locks; a 1951 two-door Mercury coupe with a V8 Oldsmobile engine. Its roof has been lowered by four inches; a lovingly restored 1958 Chevrolet Impala which has been beefed up with the celebrated 1967 Chevrolet V8.

Opposite page (top): The owner of this 1949 Dodge Wayfarer Roadster spent 12 years customising it; (middle left): Rear view of a 1950 two-door Mercury Coupe; (right): The classic lines of a 1954 Chevrolet Bel Air Coupe; (bottom): Customised cars like these have up to 20 coats of paints to bring them to shining perfection; This page (above left): This 1955 Buick Special has hydraulic jacks at all four wheels to raise and lower the chassis for cruising; (above right): Interior view of a 1958 Chevrolet truck; (top): 1951 two-door Ford Coupe.

lower it until it rides just a few inches above the ground. These are known as 'low riders'. Headlights, radiator grilles, bumpers and just about any other part can all be altered, often utilising parts from another make and model entirely. The painting, too, is done with a care which would never be found in the original production factories with as many as 20 coats being applied for a perfect finish. Motoring technology may have advanced lightyears since the age of the gas-guzzling dinosaurs, but it remains to be seen if the present day hatchbacked boxes on wheels are as eagerly sought after in another 30 years. They might carry plenty of luggage, but they don't have much potential for a lively session on the back seat, with a pretty girl at a drive-in movie.

Clockwise from right: A mass lift off early in the morning when the air is at its stillest; a giant Mr Peanut balloon sponsored by Planters nuts; a group of balloons including the British Gas Mr Wonderfuel; a balloon being inflated for lift off; it's up, up and away.

It all started 200 years ago when a paper balloon was filled with air heated by burning straw. But modern developments have created a popular new sport with balloonists meeting at floating fiestas, and lifting off for the serene blue yonder

THE MOOD'S A BALLOON

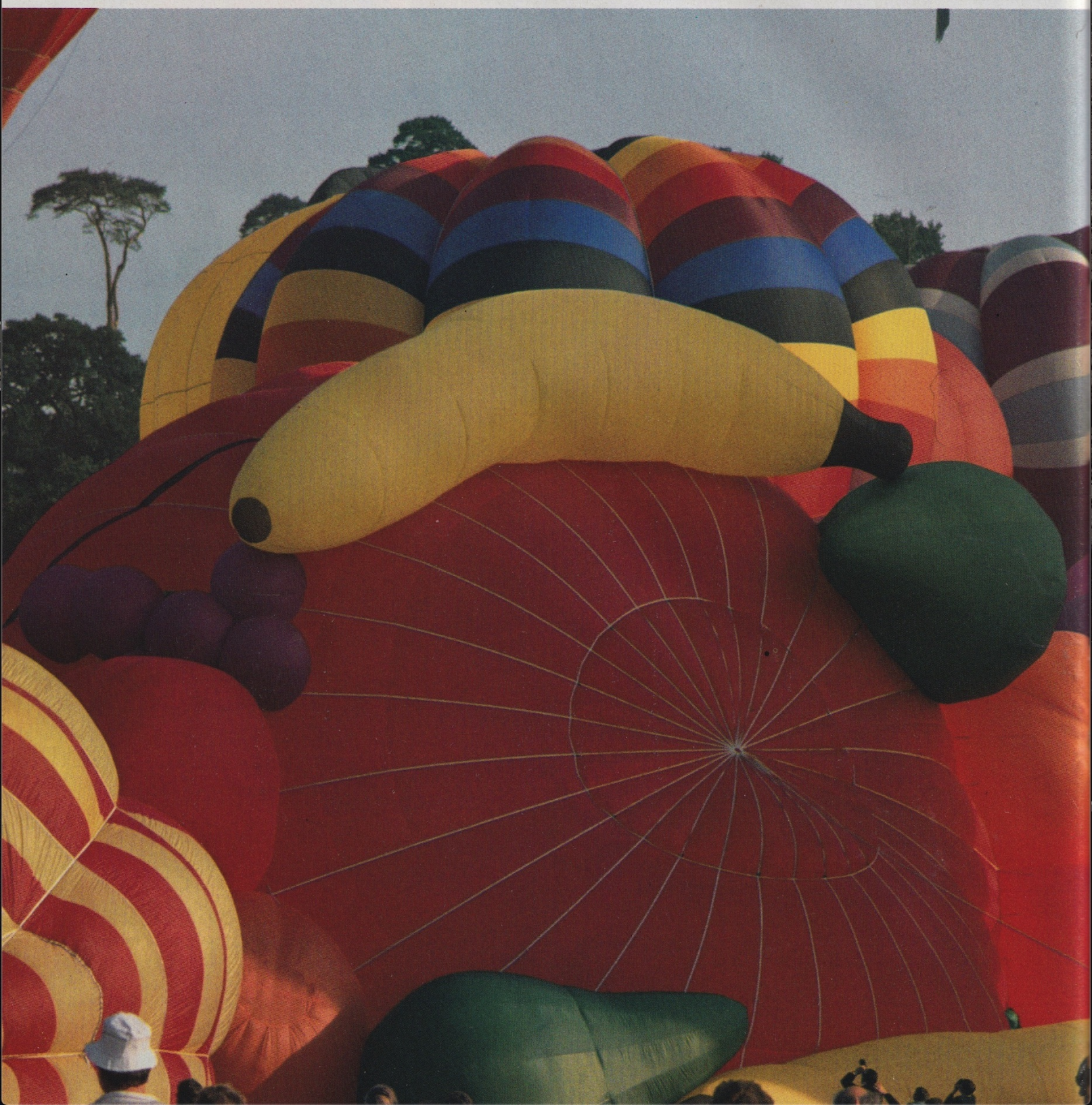
Photographed by Gabor Scott

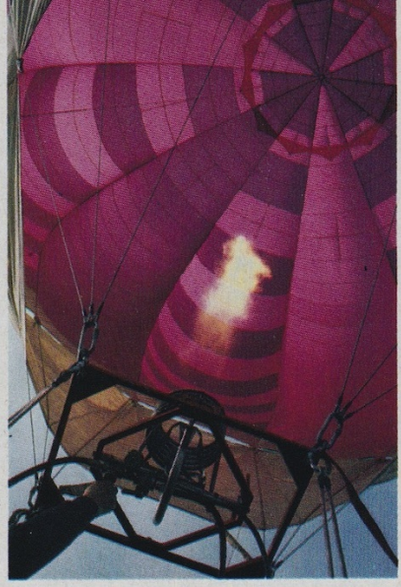
In Paris in 1783 a Frenchman named Montgolfier caused a sensation when he ascended to a height of 1000 feet in a balloon made of paper. The air inside it was heated by burning straw. Just over 200 years later around 70 balloonists gathered at Bristol for the International Balloon Fiesta, and Montgolfier would have been proud to see how his invention has been developed. In fact balloon manufacture has become so sophisticated that virtually any shape can be made, including giant Perrier bottles and

Clockwise from above: The Perrier bottle-shaped balloon takes off; a beautifully multicoloured balloon prepares to lift off; bottoms up for the Perrier balloon; a balloon shaped like a giant Carmen Miranda; many balloons are commercially sponsored; lift off.

even a huge Carmen Miranda head complete with massive bananas. Modern balloons are made from ripstop nylon which, as the name implies, has been developed to be tear resistant. They stand up to 70 feet high from the bottom of the basket to the top of the balloon which on average displace some 56,000 cubic feet. The air for the balloon is

heated by burners using 70-pound propane cylinders. There are a few hydrogen balloons, but the gas is expensive and costs around £3,000 just to fill a balloon, apart from the fire risk. Balloon pilots, and there are 400 registered in Britain, have to put in 12 hours practical flying in six months before applying for a licence. They also have to take three tough technical written exams on airmanship, gas propulsion and navigation as well as perform a solo flight under the scrutiny of a Civil Aviation Authority examiner. Balloons cost around £7,000, upwards. The Balloon Fiesta, one of the country's major balloon meets, saw three days of events including a mass lift off early in the morning and in the evening when the air is at its stillest, ideal ballooning conditions.





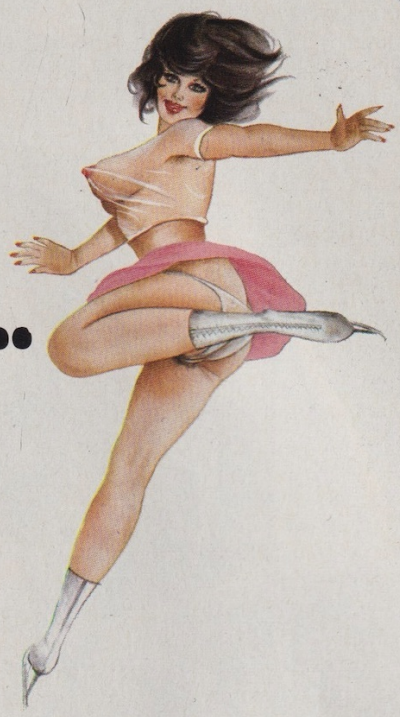
Above: A vividly coloured balloon makes an impressive sight in the sky; left: in a riot of colour the balloons inflate for lift off; top (left to right): a balloonist sits on his packed balloon; deflating a balloon after landing; down to earth with a bump; the air in the balloons is heated by a propane burner; soaring into the sky, a balloon floats away so quietly that people can be heard on the ground by the pilot.

JOKES

Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RONALD COBB



Two pilots at Heathrow were arguing the merits of different aircraft.
'For my money, you can't beat the Trident,' said one fervently.
'Rubbish, these new planes are nothing compared to the older ones,' replied the cantankerous Captain, a pilot of the old school. 'Nothing will ever beat the Britannia.'
'But, Captain,' replied the younger pilot, 'that's a turbo-prop plane. The Trident has three jet engines . . . '
'And the Britannia has four propellers, son,' said the Captain sharply. 'And as you will find out some time, four screws beat three blow jobs any day.'

In a town beside a Red Indian reservation, the Chief was looking for a squaw for the night. Seeing a young Indian girl, he asked her how much she would charge for her services.
'$100,' she replied curtly.
'$100!' exclaimed the Chief, 'Why, we Indians sold Manhattan for $24.'
'That's as maybe,' replied the Indian girl with an inviting smile, 'but Manhattan just lies there.'

A little boy was standing outside a pub looking sad when a friendly old man happened to pass. Noticing the lad's pathetic expression, he asked him what was wrong.
'My sister went inside hours ago, and told me to wait here,' sobbed the boy. 'And I've been here since seven o'clock.'
'That's awful,' said the old man taking his hand, 'but I think I can help. I'll go inside, and tell her you're upset. What's your sister like?'
The boy looked at him irritably.
'Men with large cocks and brandy.'

What's pink and very hard in the morning?
The *Financial Times* crossword.

'Henry, you think more about food than you do about me,' nagged his wife as he ate his second bowl of corn flakes at the breakfast table.
'Nonsense, dear,' replied Henry with his mouth full.
His wife snapped back.
'So why have you installed mirrors on the ceiling of the dining room?'

Two post office counter staff were most impressed with the size of their young lady colleague's boobs.
'They're enormous,' one commented to the other as he sorted out his postal orders.
'They must be 42 inches at least!'
'I should say so,' replied his colleague. 'Imagine those in your hands – I wonder how much they weigh?'
His friend laughed then said, 'Hey, Barry, I reckon, I know how we could find out. Next time she reaches over the scales, I'll sneak up behind her, and undo the clip on her bra. When they fall onto the scales, you read off the weight.'
Trying to keep straight faces, the two went over to the buxom blonde. George stood in front, and Barry crept up behind.
'Excuse me, Belinda,' said George innocently, 'But could I borrow some 17p stamps, please?'
'Certainly,' she replied, and leant over the scales to reach for a sheet. As soon as she did, Barry went into action, sliding his hands up her jumper, and undoing her bra. With a plop, they landed on the scales, then Belinda realised what had happened, and hastily re-adjusted her underwear. The two men ran off.
'Hey George, George, how much did they weigh?' whispered Barry excitedly.
'I don't know, she was too quick,' replied George miserably. 'Mind you, I can tell you one thing. It would cost £17.50 to send them second class to Europe!'

Marriage is like a Stradivarius – beautiful music with strings attached.

Jane went to confession full of guilt for what she had done.
'Forgive me, Father, but last night my boyfriend asked me to relieve him with my hand, and I'm afraid I gave in to temptation.'
'I understand, my child,' replied the Priest solemnly. 'Say three Hail Marys, and wash your hands in holy water.'
'Certainly, Father.'
Having said her three Hail Marys, Jane made her way to the font, and started to wash her hands. As she did so, a nun from the local convent rushed up to her.
'What are you doing, my child?' she enquired testily.
'I've been told to wash my hands as a penance,' Jane replied politely.
'Well, don't make it too dirty, child. Father says I've got to gargle in that later.'

Sylvia savoured her solitary kicks,
As she slowly slipped out of her knicks,
She said, 'Darling pater's
A past masturbator,
And I am a mistressbatrix.'

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CARRIE

CARRIE

Trouble with her washing gets Carrie into quite a lather

LATER
SUDZO POWDER
GETS CLOTHES
CLEANEST
KINGSTON WAS 'ERE
MARK
BEVERLEY
BRIAN
JANE
I LOVE 'EM ALL!
STEVE KINGSTON